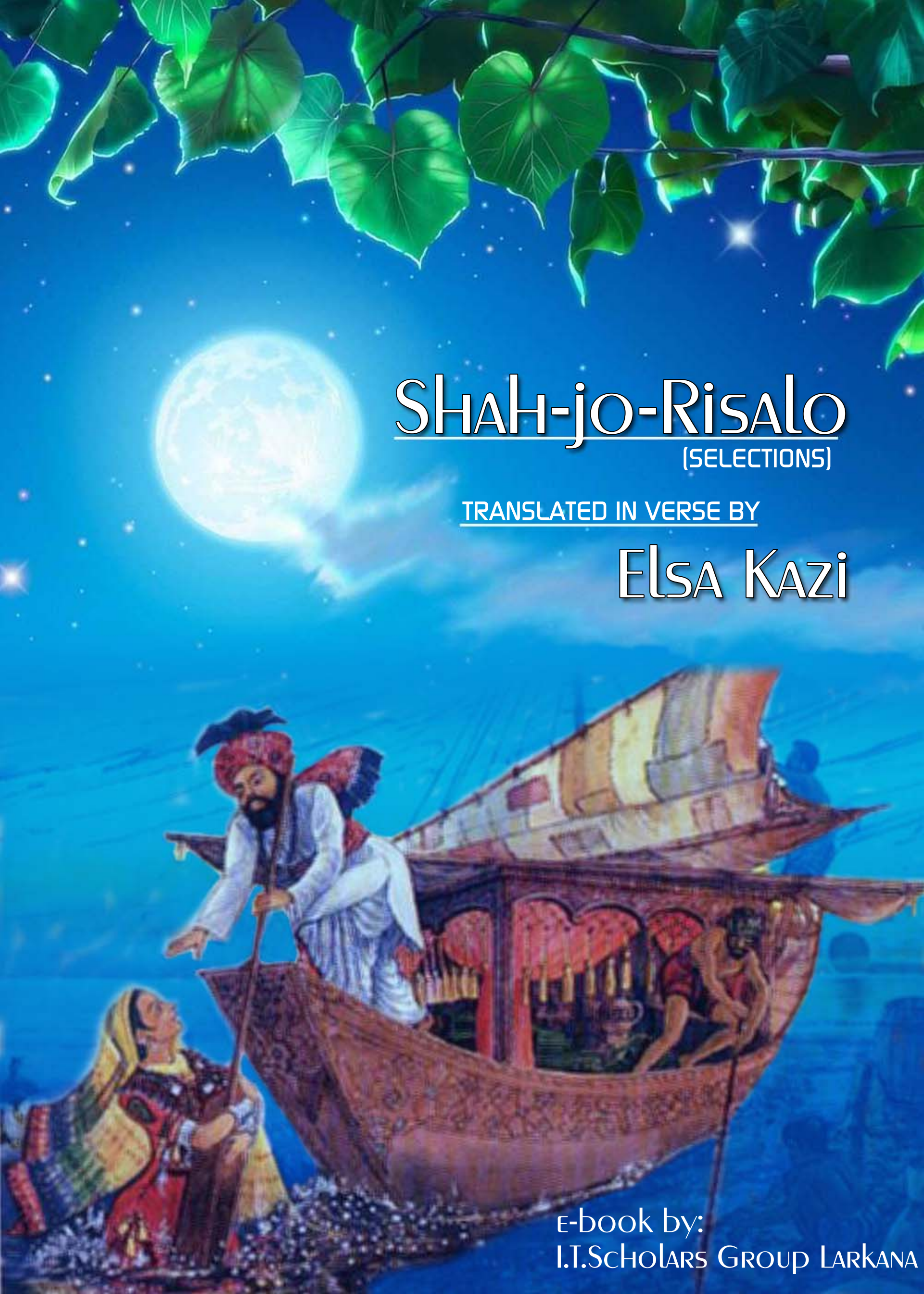


Shah-jo-Risalo

(SELECTIONS)

TRANSLATED IN VERSE BY

Elsa Kazi

e-book by:
I.T.Scholars Group Larkana

RISALO
OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF

(SELECTIONS)

TRANSLATED IN VERSE
BY

ELSA KAZI

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A word about the author: Elsa Kazi

By: Ali Ahmed K Brohi

Mrs. Allama Kazi who called by all as Mother Elsa Kazi, was a remarkable woman indeed. She was German by birth, but a Sindhi by spirit and God had bestowed upon her the grace of being one of the greatest poets of her time. She was not only a poet of very high caliber, but painter of great distinction, besides she was a writer of repute - she wrote one-act plays, short stories, plays, novels and history. She was a composer and a musician of considerable attainments. Indeed, there was hardly any conspicuous branch of Fine Arts that she did not practice to perfection. Although she did not know Sindhi language directly but still she managed to produce translation in English verse of the selected verses of Shah Abdul Latif after the pith and substance of the meaning of those verses were explained to her by Allama Kazi. She has successfully couched the substance of those verses in a remarkable poetical setting which, in musical terms, reflects the echo of the original Sindhi metrical structure and expression in which Latif had cast them. Her's remains the best translation so far in English of Shah Abdul Latif's

poetry.

Elsa Kazi (Elsa Gertrude Loesch) was born in 'Rudel Stadt' a small village in Germany on 3rd October, 1884, in the house of a great musician, who ultimately migrated to Dulwich London. She was a daughter of prosperous German Eldermn. He had property in London which was destroyed in world War-II. After war, compensation was paid to her in respect of such property. Her paintings are often seen in many distinguished family homes. She also painted the famous courtesan queen of Khairpur Mirs, “Bali”.

It was in London that she met Allama I.I. Kazi, just by sheer chance. It so happened, that once Allama Kazi, having arrived at a railway station, just in time, while the train had already started moving. He was however able to board in, in the last compartment which was empty, excepting a solitary young lady occupying a corner quarter. Reared in a traditional family background of saints & sages, Mr. Kazi felt very much embarrassed and kept standing near the door with his back to the lady. Elsa was amazed, astonished and amused to meet a man, who would not take seat, despite repeated offers and would only repeat apologies. For a man who was so innocent

chaste and interesting, she sought his address and thus developed a life long association. The couple was married in Germany in 1910 A.D.

The fate had so ordained that a Sindhi scholar should get joined in wedlock with a German poetess, to make a versatile couple of scholarly eminence. The couple lived in London from 1911 to 1919, and occasionally came on short visit to Sindh. Altogether, the couple spent 30 years of life in England, during which they remained engaged in research, tracing the evolution of religion through the ages up to the advent of Islam. Both of them contributed numerous essays, articles and addresses in various vital branches of modern knowledge, beside preaching Islam under the aegis of Jamiatul Muslimeen. In the year 1919, the couple returned to Sindh, and Kazi Sahib first entered Government Judiciary Service on deputation. After two years stay, because of some difference with His Highness Mir Ali Nawaz of Khairpur, he resigned and the couple left for London.

The couple continued propagation of Islam in London till April 1951, when Allama was offered the post of Vice-Chancellorships of University of Sindh. After 8 years,

Allama Sahib, resigned from the post of Vice-Chancellor, and the couple lived in a retired life at Hyderabad Sindh. In the year 1967, Mother Elsa Kazi was suddenly and seriously taken ill, with Ureoma, and breathed her last, at the ripe age of 83. She now lies buried along with her life-long companion Allama Kazi, at New Campus of Sindh University. Free translation of Mother Elsa Kazi's chronogram is as follows:-

"Alas our reverend Elas;
Left this world to live in that one;
She was steadfast on the right path;
She was expert in every fine art,
Accomplished in every blessed discipline;
In modesty had no parallel,
In delicacy no equal;
She was Allama's close confident,
Well informed of Divine Secrets:
She was kind and tender,
To all high and low;
Elsa Kazi unsurpassed in gentleness
Got a permanent abode in paradise".

Introduction

By: Mehtab Mehboob

Madam Elsa Kazi Gertrude Loesch (1884-1967) is remembered today, as she was called in her life time, with the epithet "Mother Elsa". Her story-telling, as such, should not surprise anyone; but her knack of it, and the impact thus produced, amuses everyone.

There have been many story-writers but Mother Elsa is unique, not only in her style, but in her choice of characters and their inner-most thoughts, readily accepted by the reader as his own.

We may well begin with her Flower Fairy Stories, in series, Freedom, and The Man in the Moon, among them, presents a masterpiece of the twentieth century creative literature.The Philosopher, another series, coincides with the quarterly journal of the Philosophical Society of England, of which her husband, the late Allama I.I. Kazi, was member and a contributor. The characters in this series smack of Shakespearean spirit, donning modern costumes to speak the truth of the present day: The Mechanical Life, and Passion, Sacrifice: then taking to a metaphysical look into: Free Will, Resurrection and Purgatory, a place where souls, departing this life, will be lodged in a temporary suffering or expiration of venial.

Kalyan-I

(Peace)

1

The One Creator, the all greats;
Lord of the universe
The living, the original;
Ruler with power innate;
The giver, the sustainer,
the unique , compassionate;
This master praise, to Him alone
thyself in praise prostrate..
The generous, who does create
the universe in pairs..

2

None shares His glory, "He was..is,
shall be"..who this doth say
Accepts Mohammad as 'guide'
with heart and love's true sway;
None from amongst those lost their way
or ever went astray.

3

“ He is without a partner” , when
this glorious news you break
With love and knowledge, Mohammad
accept ..as cause him take
Why would you then obeisance make
to others after that?

4

From One, many to being came;
'many' but Oneness is;
Don't get confounded, Reality
is 'One' , this truth don't miss
Commotions vast display - all this
I vow, of Loved-one is.

5

The Echo and the call are same,
if you sound's secret knew
They both were one, but two became
only when 'hearing' came.

6

A thousand doors and windows too,
the palace has ..but see,
Wherever I might go or be
master confronts me there

7

If you have learnt to long, by pain
be not distressed-
Secret of love's sorrow must be
never confessed-
Suffering is by the heart caressed,
and there it is preserved.

8

The poison-drinking lovers, lured
by poison sweet, drink more and more;
To bitterness of fatal cup,
the poison-drinkers are inured,
Though wounds are festering, and uncured,
no whispers to the vulgar goes.

9

All from Beloved's side is sweet
whatever He gives to you.
There is no bitter, if you knew
the secret how to taste.

10

There is a call to gallows, friends,
will any of you go!
Those who do talk of love may Know
to gallows they must speed.

11

If you a draught desire
to tavern find your way;
Thy head do sever, and that head
beside the barrel lay;
Only when you this price do pay
then few cups you may quaff.

12

The genuine lover, for his head
care and concern has none;
He cuts it off---joins it with breath
as gift then hands it on ;
Carves down to shoulders, form loved-one
then begs for love's return.

13

To guard and to preserve the head,
the lover's business is not this---
One of beloved's glance is worth
so many hundreds head of his---
Flesh, skin and bone, and all there is ,
the 'least ' of loved-one , equals not.

Kalyan Yaman-II

(Path to peace)

1

Thou art the friend; the healer thou;
For every pain the remedy--
Cure for my heart, thy voice alone
the only cure it is for me......
The reason why I call for thee
is none can cure my heart but thou.

2

Thou art the friend, the Healer thou
for every ailment balm dost send;
Merciful God--all drugs are vain;
the pains by drugs will never end;
Unless ordered by thee O friend,
no drug will ever sickness cure.

3

Thou art the friend, the Healer thou;
for sufferings thou the remedy;
Thou divest; curtest disease, dost guide,
master thou art eternally--
Yet, I am wonderstruck to see
that you physicians still provide.

4

Strike friend-- thy hand raise, favour me--
hold not your hand, and should I die
By such death I shall honored be
which through this wound is caused.

Chapter-II

5

Today still groans the thatches fill,
where wounded lie and suffer;
Although it is their twilight, still
same ointment there and dressing

6

Poor wounded ones, so restless grow,
yet grateful are for pain;
For ever forward wish to go
and here would not remain.

7

Mother, I cannot trust in those
whose eyes with tears do over-flow-
Who bring the water to their eyes,
their sorrow to the world to show;
Who love Beloved, hide their woe,
no tears they show, nor speak about-

8

Physician, blundering and unwise,
you cauterise my skin, and treat
With slops my heart-ache, know to whom
scaffold a bridal-bed supplies,
The one beatific vision lies
in death, which is the union sweet.

9

Physicians you consulted but
dieting you ignored...
Had you obeyed, perhaps restored
to health you would be now.

10

Physicians were my neighbours
I ne'er asked their advice-
Therefore I find that in mine eyes
cataracts I now have formed.

Chapter-III

11

Ah! suddenly they found themselves
in sphere of love...and there
They cut their heads, left trunks apart
such garland they did wear!
Beauteous they were...to loved ones fair
I saw them give their heads away!

12

Go to the moth, the surest way
of immolation ask-
The moths, who throw themselves into
the fire every day;
Whose tender hearts became a prey
to cupid's arrow sharp.

13

The moths assembled, gathering
above a raging fire...
Heat drove them not, no fear they had,
flames did their hearts inspire -
Their necks they lost, and on the pyre
of truth they burnt themselves.

14

If you call yourself a moth,
from blaze return not terrified;
Enter by the loved-one's light
and be ever glorified
You are still unbaked...beside
not yet with kiln acquainted are.

15

If you call yourself a moth,
then come, put out the fires sway,
Passion has so many baked
but you roast passion's 'Self' today-
Passion's flame with knowledge slay...
of this to base folk give no hint.

16

Happy those who acquaintance make
with goodly grinding wheel
Their rapiers never then shall take
to rust, nor will corrode.

17

Apprentice of the blacksmith, works
the bellows not with care;
Not close to fire goes, he fears
love sparks that issue there.
And yet proclaims he every where;
"full-fledged blacksmith am I"!

18

Turn your head into an anvil,
then for smithy do enquire,
There the hammer-strokes of fire
may turn you into steel.-

19

When I an arrow do receive
on that spot I remain;
Perhaps my Hero-love again
will strike in mercy sweet.

20

Physician give no medicine.
may health I never see...
May be, enquiring after me
my love to me will come.

21

Sacrifice your head, and 'suffer'
if loved-ones send dismay...
Say not, 'Forsaken' 't is their way
like this to form their links

22

Those that cut me up, became
the kindly surgeon too-
The wound they quickly dressed, and cured
within a day the same
Oh heart! and now make this your aim
"stay with them, and be safe from wounds"

23

As long there is no need, so long
physician is not here...
But when one day pain does appear
it is as though the leech had come!

Chapter-IV

24

They read and read, but what they read
their hearts refuse to store-
The more they pages turn, the more
are deeply steeped in sin.

25

O friend, why are you still inclined
to waste paper and ink-
Go rather forth and try to find
the source where words were formed.

26

The world with 'I' doth overflow
and with it flaunts about-
But its own 'Self' it doth not know...
't is a magician's spell.

27

They do not heed the glorious line
that does begin with 'A'-
In vain they look for the Divine,
though page on page they turn.

28

You only read the letter 'A'-
all other pages put aside-
Book-reading nothing will convey-
but your being purify.

29

Unuttered is unknown...the uttered
is never understood....behold,
Although it be as true as gold,
humanity takes never note.-

Chapter-V

30

By 'giving' they were hurt,-'not giving'
to them contentment brought-
So they became *sufis*, as nougat
they did take with themselves.

31

To hear vile words, and not return,
but hear them silently;
This is the pearl, most precious pearl,
we in guide's teaching see-
But decked with jewels he will be
who with 'Silence' the Ego kills.

32

Those who never forgot the sorrow,
and lesson learnt of woe-
The slate of thought within both hands;
'silence' they study so-
They only read page which does show
Beloved's lovely face.

33

Patience, humanity adopt,
For anger is disease-
Forbearance bringeth joy and 'peace',
if you would understand.

34

The inoffensive don't offend
forget who do offend-
In this refined and cultured way
thy day and night do spend
Thus meditating, humbly walk,
until thy life doth end-
A Lawyer keep within, O friend,
to blush not, facing judge.

35

As long as of this daily world
no glimpses you obtain-
A perfect view you will not gain
of your love Heavenly.

36

True lovers never will forget
their love Divine, until one day
Their final breath will pass away
as tearful sigh.

Khambat-III

(Haven)

Chapter-I

1

A moonlit night, an open plain,
and so for yet to go;
My camel look not back, for you
't is shame to waver so;
Be steady, resolute, and show
my loved-ones you can reach

2

O full moon! though you rise adorned,
your beauty to enhance;
You are not a blink worth of my love
With all charms you advance,
Since your whole being but one glance
of the Beloved is.

3

A hundred suns may rise, and blaze
four score-four moons may shine;
I vow, without Beloved mine
I am in darkest night

4

O moon, by magic fade away;
may you be shorn of light-
Or hide yourself so that I might
the soul's Beloved meet.

5

In darkest midnight, the Beloved
shows himself so clear;
the moon and Pleiades disappear
yea, like an echo mere.

Chapter-II

6

O moon, cast first thy silver-ray
on the Beloved when you rise;
And for thy Maker's sake, O moon
message of helpless one convey;
"My hopeful longing eyes, thy way
with tears are watching everyday."

7

O moon, the moment that you rise
first glance at the Beloved cast
Say to the dear one: I am sick
In you my only comfort lies
"My hopeful and relying eyes
Are ever set expecting you"

8

O moon, when you ascend the skies
first glance at the Beloved cast
My message to the friend convey
Correctly all, and all precise
"M y hopeful and relying eyes
are ever set expecting thee"

9

Rise moon, see the Beloved-thou
art near and far am I
Presence of Him in scented dews
I feel, that in night doth lie-
On foot I cannot reach and
father gives camel can't supply
On which riding, ere dawn draws nigh
I easily could reach.

10

I shall die longing, love is kind
but Oh...so far is He
Father gives camel not to me-
I am too weak to walk.

11

To the Beloved, when you rise
O moon, thy very first glance send;
And all the message I give
O moon, convey in truthful wise;
"My hopeful and relying eyes
are ever set expecting you."

12

Thy glance let the Beloved meet,
O moon, and my requests submit
Befittingly; above courtyard
of the Beloved bow and greet;
Speak gently...on Beloved's feet
both of thy light-hands softly lay.

13

O moon, all my entreaties safe
into thy shining garment tie,
Low' ring your head, to loved one tell
in what a wretched state am I;
Remember; to the place you hie
That is whole universe's Hope.

Chapter-III

14

O camel! spurn thy slothful mood-
No longer now delay!
But once unite me with my love
no more the truant play,
But speed, ere night doth pass away
to meet my love after.

15

I must go where my love resides;
to the Beloved speed!
There I shall give thee sandal-wood
and thou shall no more feed
On salt-bush coarse, unfit for thee
or any worthless weed;
O hasten! there is urgent need
to reach while night doth last.

16

Arise and take a forward step-
be not an idler base;
The highway to my love is straight
and hath no winding ways...
Self-pity drop...a gallop raise
to bring us swift and soon.

17

Remember your ancestry, and
your forebear's noble breed;
Your stock is well-known near and far
and you do hold indeed;
Rare pedigree-and so we plead
show us some kindness now.

18

I bound him near some glorious tree
that he some buds might eat;
Ill-mannered camel, on the sly
still finds the salt-bush sweet.
Woe's me-I know not how to treat
Camel that so confounds.

19

I tried to saddle him, but e'en
unsaddled he'd not rise-
The way the herd is gone, he lies
and only gapes that side.

20

My camel, I will give thee reins
of gold, and trappings fine;
Not only buds of sandal wood
but thou on myrrh shalt dine;
If to the one Beloved mine
thou wilt bring me this night.

21

The camel did forget the herd,
nor e'en will salt-bush eat...
His blown-up hump has now become
his pampered passion's seat-
Alas, this callous, new conceit
he'll not drop unto death.

22

He goes not with the herd of late
and no more will he graze;
Since Cupid's arrow wounded him
he hugs a curious craze;
To his new love, with love-sick gaze
he crawls, defying death.

23

Now sits with herd, musk-branches eats;
yet calm remains his face
Ah me, apparently my camel
shows no outward trace.
'Here' he is with the world, but graze
with heart doth fondly 'there'.

24

He's not what he was yesterday
returning to the yard;
He never at the manager looks-
all food doth disregard;
Seems, poison creepers on the sward
he ate when with the herd.

25

With zest thee camel browses now
on creepers such as made him yearn;
But owners, keepers of the field,
with shouts his sweet indulgence spurn
The poor intruder, powerless
he grows from voices harsh and stern;
No answer finds he in return
and all his arduous madness flies.

26

Good animal, what you did put
your teeth in, finding them so sweet;
These baneful creepers if you eat
will bring you yet to grief and woe.

Chapter-IV

27

Torrents of rain and wind-camel
there obstinate he lies-
How shall I saddle him when rise
unsaddled he will not.

28

A solid braided rope construct,
with this your camel blind,
The fragrant creepers everywhere
all over grounds you'll find,
Once tasted, he will leave behind
all else, if he's not tied.

29

I fettered him with rope and chain,
but shackles were in vain;
He broke them all, and dragged them on
where creepers decked the plain-
O God, put sense and understanding
in this camel's brain
With mercy free him from this pain
to rise above this curse.

30

O rise, and to thy haven far
thy earthbound glances bear,
May be a happy welcome there
awaits thee from thy love.

31

No-go and shackle him, he will
run wild if left alone;
By tempting him to cat, he'll play
more pranks, but won't alone;
Load him and let him graze and groan
with heavy fetters bound.

32

Who laid a spell on you? and who
waylaid you, wished you ill?
Blinkers you wear-your soles rubbed off-
your kind not meet you will;
And round and round, as in a mill
you circumambulate.

33

My comely camel, won't you eat
the sandal wood and drink your fill
Of cleanest purest water, food
the finest you refuse it still-
What law gave you the tasty thrill
of salt-bush mere, above all else?

34

At last my camel every day
is browsing in that garden, where
Two tree-shoots are worth millions there
handful of leaves are thousands worth.

35

Two tree-shoots are worth millions...nay
one leaf alone five lakhs will be-
Now to enrich his soul he eats,
the wholesome blossoms of this tree-
Here e'en a withered leaf we see
is many, many hundreds worth.

36

My lakhs-worth camel, that I bought
for hundreds, beautiful became
For any eye to see; don't blame
and say too dearly he was bought.

37

My invaluable camel, friend,
no praise is now for him too high;
His manager fill with cardamoms
then saddle him, and he will fly,
All distance he will defy,
and here and now the Loved-one reach.

Sorath-IV

(King and Minstrel)

Chapter-I

1

The minstrel came to Junagarh
and here took out his lyre;
With his entrancing melodies
he did all hearts inspire;
With his bewitching magic-strings
he set whole town on fire-
But palace-servants, princesses,
were struck with anguish dire;
"That Raja's head was bard's desire,
lute spoke in accents clear."

2

The bard at though a living string
played with humility;
The Raja in his palace fine,
to hear him did agree;
He mercifully called him in,
and met him graciously-
Then prince and bard, one harmony,
one single 'self' became!

3

"I travelled many foreign lands,
and have arrived today;
Poor minstrel I, no treasures crave
but for your life I pray-
To win this favour, let me play,
Oh Sir, the time is short.-"

4

"Leaving all other doors, O king
I wandered to your door!
Blest Sorth's husband, see my need
a beggar doth implore,
His empty apron fill once more
and happiness restore!"

5

The king sat on his glistening dais,
the bard below him played;
The faintest note of music sweet
up to the Raja sped-
To private folks that could not come
the minstrel too was led;-
Fine horses were produced, rare gems,
before the bard were spread,
Who said: "no wealth like this, but head
of Raja do I claim!"

6

No jewels can the minstrel please
no wealth, no property-
From riches and from great rewards
His only wish is, near to be
the giver of this wealth.

7

prince said: "I'll gladly sacrifice
My head for thee O Bard,
Although this is a small reward
For all thy music's worth...

8

"Were I to own a hundred heads
And weigh them with thy strings-
Behold the scale, how down it swings
On side of strings divine!

9

"O Friend, my head is only bone:
An empty, empty bone-
If thousand heads my neck would own
I'll cut them all for thee!"

10

The strings, the dagger and the neck
were reconciled all thee-
King said: "nought is so lovely than
your wish to come to me,
My head you craved...most heartily
I do thank God for that..."

11

“But singer, it astounded me,
That while you played your strain.
How could its sweetness you survive
And could alive remain?
Last night, my being all in twain
was by your music cut.”

Chapter-II

12

The flower of Girnar plucked;
The town is plunged in mourn and pain,
Hundreds like Sorath stand and raise
Their lamentations all in vain-
The minstrel, holding lock, receives
The prince's head adorned again-
While virgins chant the sad refrain;
"Last night the Raja passed away."

13

Sorath is dead; and all is peace-
Ruler removed his tents-
There are no singings and no shows,
no tuneful elements.-
And after this, artist presents
The head again to king!

14

Sorath is dead, and all is peace-
Raja pitches his tents;
Music is heard again...the show
goes on with merriments-
Echo sounds song's sweet sentiments...
Behold, the happy king!

Asa-V

(Hope)

Chapter-I

1

In Infinitude I toss,
O guide no bound perceive mine eyes
Tortuous beauty of the Loved,
Has no limit, has no size-
Here intensive longing lies,
There the Loved-ones do not care!

2

Cursed be duality, Beloved,
From 'Self' do shelter me-
O, hold the 'I' near thee,
But thou canst reach 'thyself', O master.

3

But thou canst reach 'thyself' master;
Nothing but Beauty is;
O doubter, couldst thou doubt dismiss,
There's no Idea then left.

4

Beloved, hold the 'I' near thee;
All self concern I've cast from me;
Protector mine, with duality
I wasted far too many days!

5

That is real dualism, when
Non-dualist yourself you call;
Be shorn of separateness, and
'Ego' let not thy soul enthral;
For 'this', doth not exist at all;
And 'that' not known is without 'this'.

6

'That' is not known without 'this', and
From 'this', 'that' doth not separate stand;
"Human my secret is, and I
Am his, that thou must understand"-
This voice did sound from end to end,
By seers, and the knowing ones.

7

No one who loaded is with 'Self';
The other side will see,
For God is one, and Oneness loves;
So spurn duality;
And all thy anxious tears “to be”,
Shed at altar of unity.

8

The servant too has no beginning,
And no end shall see-
Who the Beloved found, shall be
Absorbed for ever there.

9

Everyone knows where he is
I know not where I stand;
Guides and books there many are,
And they are close at hand-
But I, do seek the distant land
Where 'yes' and 'no'are not.

10

'Yes' and 'no', still within reach
Of earthly idea are;
But beyond all vision far
Is the Beauty that I seek.

11

Sometime or other, beauteous forms
Will be overwhelming thee;
But falcon of Reality,
Let not heedlessly escape.

12

The sensuous beauty thrashed me so
As carders cotton beat;
And now my hands are obsolete,
My body's paralyzed.

13

Confound thy senses, and renounce
Thy 'Self'... Him-knowing be;
To recognize the Loved-one, drop
Thy personality;
And then coarse multiplicity
With unity destroy-

Chapter-II

14

The Loved-one bound me-
Threw me into waters deep;
And said: " Now dry do keep,
And getting wet avoid."

15

One that is into water thrown
From getting wet, how could be free?
Enlightened one, this mystery
How I might solve it, say-

16

"Rely on contemplation, but
Of law neither neglectful be...
Your heart get used to Reality
Which is your Destiny to see;
Be resolute, and verily
You'll be immune from getting wet."

17

Ah, Reality broke my
Existence, so that I;
Can no more breathe without it,
In its presence high;
My soul suffused doth lie,
Exclusive of all else.

18

Be silent- do not move your lips;
Your eyes do close, your hearing stay...
Drink not your fill, and at your meals
When still half hungry, turn away-
And then a glimpse enjoy you may
Of image that your mind's depth holds.-

19

Would of the august secret
I divulge one whit-
Trees would burn up,-unfit
For growth all earth would be.

Chapter-III

20

Let your eyes an offering be
For Loved-one ere you break your fast;
Sumptuous dishes seventy
You'll get by seeing Loved-ones face.

21

If my eyes at rise for other
Sight than the Beloved care-
From their sockets I will tear
My eyes as morsels for the crows.

22

Facial phenomena lists
Do not try to see with those,
Longing gaping with those eyes
Never Loved-ones features shows-
Only when both eyes you close
The Beloved you will see.

23

Dwell in mine eyes Beloved fair
That I can close them now;
No one may ever see you there
And I nought else shall see.

24

Acquire eyes that able are
to visualize Beloved's face;
Not then at any other gaze
Loved-ones are very sensitive.

25

About dead Elephant amongst
the blind arose parley-
They handled it all over, but
Blind eyes could nought convey-
Decisive word can say-
The 'seers' only can display
The genuine truth of things.

26

The sense of wonder doth not dwell
Within the vulgar mind-
Secret of Love to trace and find
Is no task for the blind.

27

For whom so anxiously we pine,
We ourselves are those;
O doubt, be gone with all your woes
For Loved-ones we have found.

28

Eyes weep and yet rejoice each day
to look and to adore-
The more they see loved-ones, the more
drunk they with love do get.

29

The more I prohibited eyes
to look, the more they longed;
They crossed the sleeping world, to find
loved-one at any price-
They killed me ah...but in this wise
peace for themselves secured.

30

Relationship with the 'visible',
In no case do desire-
Why not you for the real enquire
and set out, seeking that?

31

Hear, and take note, that you yourself
are 'barrier', and what is
Between the union and its bliss
Is nothing but yourself.

32

The love wants that love's secret
alone his own shall be;-
But eyes that flow continuously
and sinking heart;...betray.

Chapter-IV

33

Corrupt ones can corrupt, whose love
Is very weak, indeed
But whom love has consumed, succeed
they can't for he the vile one slew.

34

When praying, think not of yourself,
Or prayers are in vain;
All thinking of yourself restrain
Drop self, and then do pray.-

35

You profess to be a 'faithful'
Holy maxims you recite...
But your heart deceit is hiding
Duality-satanic spite-
Faithful outward, you delight
in idolat 'rise inside.

36

Seek not the form of one that your
'Beloved' you do call,
As conversation not at all
can happen face to face.

37

Converse you hold when cross you are
Can never loved-one reach
Some mischief monger longs to mar
your heart, and spoil your love.

38

For to be cross is not the way;
two stones, can they unite?
'tis love that doth the cosmos sway
through love alone it lives.

39

Each claims to be on right path here;
But I have lost myself-
Desiring and acquiring are
So very, very near-
I set my mind on distant sphere
where 'yes' and 'no' are not.

40

Demerits world decries, loved-one
at so-called merits cross would be
My deeds, I mentioned with my tongue
now all undone in dust I see.
Then I discounted all my deeds,
which once I thought were charity,
An embassage I sent of shame;
Regrets and deep humanity,
But oh...my love made up with me
only when 'I' had disappeared.

41

Whose body is a rosary,
the mind a bead, a harp the heart.
Love-strings are playing there the theme
of unity in every part;
The nerves do chant: "There's none like thee;
the 'One' and only one thou art.-
E'en sleeping beauty they impart,
their very sleep their worship is!

Pirbhati-VI

(Song of Dawn)

Chapter-I

1

These are not ways you knew before
thy fiddle hanging on the peg,
And lovely dawn, as if it were
your enemy, so to ignore;
'Musician' call yourself no more
if to adore you thus forget,-

2

How fast you sleep! in pillows put
tour face and weep with sorrow;
May be your violin lies tomorrow
forsaken on the ground.

3

The true musician has no peace;
nowhere for long he tarries-
On shoulder-strap his violin carries
and asks the way to wastes.

4

Confounded do you roam...O say
where were you yesterday?
My minstrel, now no longer loll,
but leave your listless way-
Go to the king's door, beg and pray
for things of genuine worth!

5

The king is giving secretly
gifts to ungifted ones;
If this those artists were to hear
they never would agree,
Their fiddles instantaneously
to smithereens would reduce!

6

So many minstrels, of what use
is all the craft they ply?
What servant deems so precious, may
be sin in master's eyes-
Alchemy thou, and brazen I
thy look turns me to gold!

7

Bestowal is not due to caste,
whoever works, obtains,
At childish ways of innocence
forbearance king maintains;
Who one night at his court remains
shall e'er be free from pains!

8

It is the Givers great reproach,
against musicians vain;
"Why do you beg at other doors
and mine do not approach
Hence harm and hardship do encroach
upon their happiness.

9

The only Giver thou, and we
the humble beggars are;
Rains seasons have...Thy bounty's rain
doth pour eternally;
A visitation sweet, from thee
exalts, though soiled I be!

10

The morning star has risen...Oh
arise, adore thy master,
He swiftly turns away; doth know
minds of musicians all!

Ramkali-VII

(Yogis)

Chapter-I

1

The glorious yogis in this world,
some 'Fire' bring, some 'Light'
Who kindle themselves to 'ignite',
"I cannot live without them"!

2

I on a festal bed did sleep,
then from a sigh woke I,
Those who aroused me with a sigh
"I cannot live without them"-

3

The music of renouncing ones
great 'wealth' for me is this
They have no need of words; nor speech
their way and fashion is
Ah, those that have 'become', I wis,
"I cannot live without them"

4

O nothing with themselves they take,
with 'Self' they parted company-
And those in whom such traits I see,
”I cannot live without them”!

Chapter-II

5

With hunger yogis pack their bags
preparing for a revelry...
By tempting foods, they are not moved,
and out they pour so lustily
The 'thirst' to drink; their minds they flog
until like beaten flax they be...
So through long wastes they wade, to see
at last fertility and life!

6

Food has no charm for yogis, since
it left them with a bitter taste;
From human beings they beg not;
their call for help is in the waste;
They choose poverty, and embraced
sorrow with reverence sincere!

7

No bowls they carry, nor to ask
from houses they do care;
God-loving, oh so far away
from human-doors they fare
No law they need, within they bear
a court of justice pure!

8

They sleep at sunset, and again
at midnight rise, God-lovers these-
Their faces only wash with dust...
When dawn approaches then one sees
them lie by road-side ill at ease;
that they are 'Yogis', ne'er they tell.

9

These God-lovers, they do unfold
humility within their eyes-
They have no fathers, mothers, castes,
no pedigrees, no ties untold;
God is their One relationship
that they within their pure souls hold;
Of all the treasures manifold
a lion-cloth all their savings is.

10

And when their lion-cloth they have bound
ablutions more they do not need...
They too had heard the holy call,
Before Islam that did sound
All ties they severed, and they found
at last the guide they wished to meet.

11

The selfless ones you know by this,
that no desire they do bear;
Their sign the non-dependence is,
and freedom from relationship.

12

Whose heads bent on their knees must be,
their beings integrated are;
Their hearts like compass do return
to the Divine perpetually- divested are by 'Reality';
From sin's account-giving all free,
are those whose state 'Direction' is!

Chapter-III

13

This night they will with you remain,
tomorrow they will wend their way;
A longing for the patient ones
in every of your veins retain;
For, only fate will bring again
this kind of yogis to your door.

14

They will abide with you today,
tomorrow they will disappear-
On yogis feast, and so enrich
your soul, before they go away...
Oh seek their feet, or else you may
pine vainly after they are gone.

15

Before they leave your homely door,
with them a heart-to-heart talk have;
And sacrifice yourself on them
ten times during the day, or more-
As soon they leave for Hingalore,
then only fate can bring them back!

16

God-seeker's voice today I miss,
the courtyard now is desolute;
The sight of empty places here,
Kills me, so tortuous it is-
Who to the soul gave life and bliss,
the selfless ones, departed are!

17

Today the yogis disappeared,
remembering them, I wept whole night;
Those whom I searched and so revered,
are vanished never to return...

18

As men are hunting after food,
would they journey's direction ask;
E'en creeping , they in holy mood
the track would find, and all woe.

19

And as for bread some chase, were they
in self-same manner seek for God
They'd drag themselves to find the way,
and their sorrows then would end!

20

What feast is for the vulgar, know
sweet hunger that for yogis is;
They love to keep the fast and go
ne'er near where feasts they see.

21

The yogis that are favoring still
delicious morsels, garments fine;
To get near God they never will
but far away from Him they dwell.

22

as always wet they are...
They wake and weep and so they keep
sleep at a distance far!

23

Alas! correctly you don't hear
with ears appended to your head-
The 'Message' you should hear instead
with ears that are within you placed.

24

In asinine ears do not trust,
dispose of them without delay;
Purchase such ears with which you may
hear clearly the Beloved 'tale

Chapter-IV

25

Purpose that made them yogis,
so long that's not attained,
So long denouncers' life constrained
To tears and longing is.

26

They never laugh, nor do they feast-
With no man do converse-
In depths profound they do immerse
'These' are the mystery!

27

Where there's no height, no heaven,

And of the earth no trace;

Where moon doth never rise, nor sun

Doth ever show his face;

There yogis see their limits,

And see their resting place-

Their clues reach far, till now their gaze

Found in negation Reality!

Khahori-VIII

(Wandering Ascetics)

Chapter-I

1

Traversing far off realms, O friends
Khahoris have returned at last;
Their feet covered with dust...what lands
it came from-oh, how do I know.

2

On wild growths hill-ascetics feed,
they seek the land ne'er known or heard-
Upon the dusty, stony grounds
they lay their flanks when rest they need;
To seek the light they do proceed
and seek it from infinity.

3

The hill-ascetics I did see,
those who do not in houses dwell;
In biting wind they weep like rain
with longing for Divinity-
With sorrow they keep company,
and live on sorrow day and night.

4

Old ragged ropes for shoes they wear;
their faces are dried up, and wan-
Oh, at that land they had a peep
that learned ones could see no-where
Secretive ones, have secrets rare
of regions that still further lie.-

5

Their arms hold water-bags all dry-
and on their feet ropes old and torn;
Eyes pouring rain...O passer-by
Ascetics such did e'er you meet!

Chapter-II

6

The load of truth cannot be borne
upon the head, I fear,
And deaf you have to be, the call
of Reality to hear.-
Make yourself blind, so that the dear
Beloved you may see.

7

How beautiful is darkest night
in which you lose world's way-
Your greed for this and that,-O quite
forgotten it will be.

8

The common road do not go near;
but walk where 'they' walk not;
Cross over then by longing mere
and nothing take with thee.

9

Wanderers need no conveyance, no!
for horse do not care-
Although their minds are set on
destination far and fair;
In wastes search food...torn rags they wear,
and that their sign-mark is.

10

I saw the wand 'rers that a peep
at the Beloved had;
One night I in their place did stay
their company to keep.
To know them, is in drowning deep
to have a safety raft.

11

Dust-covered they do walk their way,
and mix themselves with clay;
No secrets tell to stupid folk,
nor gossip or delay;
Some secret of the Loved-one they
bear in their heart all-time.

12

Knowledge hides snakes, and many find
folly as honey sweet,
Who passed them both...left both behind
he found the 'Reality'.

Chapter-III

13

Those who had lost their way were with
a deep emotion stirred
Those seers in the waste stood blind
and nothing more they heard-
Their ears were closed-like dumb they walked
as if their minds were blurred...
Their only sorrow separation was
which they incurred-
All they gave up for 'Lahut', but
for this they hungered-
Asleep...awake...longing was spurred
but never was allayed.

14

The spot where One Beloved dwells
how happy 't is, how sweet-
Turn off from places where you meet
all the inhuman crowds.

15

Those who the bare hills came to know
no more for harvests cared-
To Ganjo-hills they longed to go
Lahutis to become.

16

Those who the bare hills came to know
forthwith all books did close...
Their sleep had gone, for Ganjo-hills
their longing hearts did glow...
They yearned Lahutis to become
when dust from hills did blow.-
From smell of hills left worldly show
Lahutis to become.

17

See where the bird can never fly;
a tiny fire twinkles there-
Who could have kindled it so high
except the wandering, homeless kind?

18

Restless Khahoris did destroy
their bodies in a holy mood
And so their spirit gained the food
they had wished to obtain.

19

Wand 'rers had girded up their loins...
on heights they one with dust became,
So they at last had reached, their aim
through sorrow mountains top had found.

Purab-IX

(East)

Chapter-I

1

Dear crow, after obeisance fall
at the Beloved's feet-
Message I give thee, don't forget,
in transit, I entreat,
I beg in God's name secretly
my message do repeat;
My words correctly and repeat;
convey just as say.

2

Come flying my dear crow, bring news
back from the other side;
Sir down, a note of union strike,
and all in me confide...
My loved-ones that seem to abide
so far away, bring here.

3

From loved-ones, there in foreign lands
bring news, and not delay-
Thy feathers I will cover with
a wealth of gold-array-
Circle above his house, convey
my message to my love.

4

Oh! crow, I'll tear my heart from this
my breast with my own hands;
You peck at it before my love,
that dwells in foreign lands;
May be he says; "there are no friends
that dare such sacrifice."

5

The crow is back, and sitting now
On yonder twig, quite near;-
He came last night, and greetings sweet
Brought from my precious dear-
Stop spinning sisters! that I hear
All what Beloved said.

6

The crow brought happy news for me,
From the Beloved mine;
My wishes all have been fulfilled,
No more I need repine-
My life is joy, powers divine
Have fruitful made my prayers.

7

A dog, a crow from loved-one's side
Will so delight mine eyes!
On them my 'Self' I'll sacrifice
A hundred times a day.

8

Not make that crow a messenger
That doth for carrion search!
Will he deliver messages
Or heed his stomach's urge?
What message carry will that scourge
Whose speech is: "Caw, caw, caw?"

Chapter-II

9

In longing for my loved-ones I
Do rove around all day;
Hoping he'll raise his eyes, and may
Sweet recognition grant.

10

My comfort all is from those eyes,
That smilingly they raise;
Loved-one's smiles have relieved my woe
And all my sorrow flies...
World thinks their emaciation lies
In hunger, but from sorrow' tis.

11

At mid-night Eastern Yogis closed
Their house...I failed to hear
Their soul-converse, when gradually
Dawn's pale lights did appear.-
Strange yogis, whose detachment here
E'en by compassion is not marred.

12

On high-way they already are,
To East, far East they roam-
And they have sacrificed this home
To build the future one.

13

The East has killed me...none I find
To whom I can complain;
Advising world, and guiding it,
I lost myself my mind-
I made love to higher kind
Who were not likes of mine.

14

You comfort seek, and call yourself
'Sami', yet are not trained;
At journey's start exhausted grew,
And more and more complained-
You had not even found a guide,...
To be consummate, so you feigned-
Your soul should be to 'Sami' chained
With 'Him' identified for aye.

15

To keep your greedy body fit,
You beg for grains pretentiously,
May be that you your ears have slit
Palate to lease with luxuries.

Bilawal-X

(The Tune of Life)

Chapter-I

1

Believe in word of invitation
of the Giver kind;
Just rinse your mouth, and you will find
that food you will receive.

2

Drive vulgar crowds out of the house,
peace with the sovereign make-
From that door then on favours browse
receiving gifts each day.

3

Don't long for wine of paradise,
cross over, nearer still-
Between you and the Union lie
rewards,...this do realise!
Sama's presence to find, arise!
your wishes to fulfill.

4

Sama, the crown is on your head
else many leaders be-
Oh, from your treasure house, such thousands
beg the priceless bread,
And bounty rich for them is spread
according to their bowls!

5

The kettle drums break one and all,
all hollow are inside
On no one but on Hashmi call
The door of Hashmi seek.

6

One who upholds those in despair,
helps those who seek refuge;
This prop of humble ones, shirks not
when millions crave his care...
Aghast all chieftains stand...but there
the smiling one they spy!

7

Stop not at every watering place
but seek the deep, full lake;
Head of the realm if you can reach
there wait wealth and solace;
The one who made poor rich, only
his turban try to trace,
Tarnish of hundreds he'll erase,
when head he lifts and speaks!

8

All credit due to Jakhro is,
others commands obey
This favorite's station, ah, where
it be, no one can say;
From what he fashioned was, that clay
was just enough for him.

9

Jakhro worthy is, and the rest
but name of 'king' do bear;
As Jakhro was produced, others
that way no fashioned were;
Clay needed for his make so rare
for him was just enough.

10

The leader's messages I store
so deep within my heart
Of other doors I think no more
Since Jakhro I have seen!

11

No one like Jakhro I can see
On earth where're I gaze,
The leader of all leaders, of
Exalted status he-
Two bows' length, even less, his place
is from divine glory;
O lord, greatly you favored me
by giving me this guide!

12

Oh Jakhro, may you ever live;
Of you may I no evil hear-
Solace to eyes and heart you give,
their only sweet support, is you.

13

Oh leader, well your ways are known
all over foreign lands;
How many have you set on horse backs
that had weary grown?
You ask no faults of those who moan,
But all you do accept!

14

He even gives in anger...lo,
when pleased his bounty pours,
Benevolence doth overflow
in noble Jakhro's mind.

15

Don't punish the obedient ones;
but head strong do destroy;
Forget not 'Battle Great', no joy
no gain give battles small.

16

Come to the Major Battle, though
many small battles fight...
And never cease to sweep away
passion-worshiper's blight.-
With the support of Hyder's light
fight, and destroy the foe!

17

Jakhro adore! he who appeared
the hunger of the land-
Those who were trembling in their rags
in silken shawls now stand;
It was by noble Jakhro's hand
the needy ones were filled!

18

The moment I arrived my feet
were cooled, my thirst was quenched;
A desert walker water sweet
had found in scorching waste.

19

Beneath whose shelter I do dwell
noble man, may he live!
The waters that wayfarers drink,
may never dry that well...
Oh smiling one! mine eyes excel
in comfort, seeing you.

Chapter-II

20

Vagand has now returned again,
his efforts all were vain...
So gladly would he here remain
dress, food, bed to obtain!

21

Vagand has now returned again-
when all had got their share
A beating from his wife he got,
nought else she gave him there!
And now with zest he doth declare
he'll e'er lie at my feet!

22

Ah...in the hope of breakfast fine
Vagand again is here;
He never more will leave this place,
nor will he leave his Pir-
Perfume of spring he smells- so dear
prospects of breakfast are!

23

In body he so shriveled looks,
at eating he is great;
He smells...sweetness to cultivate
he begs master for scent

24

Poor Vagand, now so dutiful
is always at the door;
He loves perfumes so much...therefore,
he rakes the horse' dung.

25

Vagand has now returned again,
returned a hell complete!
He says: "Pir's heaven, dirty ones
turns into roses sweet-
Keep near perfumes, to be replete
with clean, refreshing smells."

Sarang XI

(Rain Song)

Chapter-I

1

Warm preparations are again
in progress everywhere;
Again the lightning's have begun
to leap with arduous flare;
Some towards Istanbul do dive,
some to the West repair;
Some over China glitter, some
of Samerquand take care;
Some wander to Byazantium, Kabul,
some to Kandhar fare;
Some lie on Delhi, Deccan, some
reach Girnar, thundering there
And greens on Bikanir pour those
that jump from Jesalmare
Some Bhuj have soaked, others descent
on Dhat with gentle air...

Those crossing Umerkote have made
the fields fertile and fair...
O God, may ever you on Sindh
bestow abundance rare;
Beloved! all the world let share
thy grace, and fruitful be.

Chapter-II

2

O see, the low' ring, somber skies!
the cumulous clouds have poured
Their big-dropped showers; now take out
your herds, prepare, and rise;
Leave lower grounds, to uplands go
and practise old device,
Take your provisions and supplies...
despair not of God's grace.

3

Today too from the northern side
the rain-quails notes reach here;
The ploughers ploughshares ready make,
herdsmen are full of cheer...
Today too nature doth appear
in rich array of rain!

4

Today too there are hopes of rain,
the clouds are dark and low-
O friends, with monsoons, longing for
the loved one comes again-
I hope the rain will water well
the parched and longing plain...
Beloved come! my life sustain,
all seasons then feel spring.

5

Man, deer and buffaloes do pant
for rain, ducks hopes for clouds;
After as though in supplication
sounds the rain-quail's chant;
At sea, each morn the oysters beg
that skies the rain may grant-
Give lots of rain! with joy rampant
the herdsmen then become.

6

The rain pours on the desert-sands
on hills and vales around;
At early dawn we, rise to hear,
the churns soft, humming sound-
The hands are full of butter, wives
with merriment abound-
Each buffalo for milking brought
athwart the grassy ground;
In thatches here we never found
mistress and mind so glad!

7

The cloud, with colours rich and bright
paints towers in the skies-
It brought the violins, zitherns, flutes,
tambors that give delight...
While jar on jar rain-sprite at night
pours into Padam lake...

8

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
fresh showers ease the mind;
On mountain-side so green with grass;
cattle abundance find;
Gay herdsmen's wives about their necks
of blossoms garlands wind;-
Cucumbers, mushrooms, vegetables
food of every kind;
Lord! days of dearth let lie behind,
ne'er let them reach the earth.-

9

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
rain-quails pipe tenderly;
Peasants repair their ploughs, herdsmen
rejoice with ecstasy-
My friend in perfect from...O see
predicts a downpour great!

10

Season's orchestra's in full swing,
clouds move up, near and far;
The grain is cheap, and brimful now
of butter is each jar-
Rust that my heedless heart did mar,
this God-reminder cleansed.

11

Cloud was commanded: 'Rain must come',
and cloud obeyed so fain-
Lightning arrived, rain pattered, poured,
came to remain and reign;
The hoarder who for dearness hoped
now wrings his hands in vain,
Five multiplied to fifteen; so
the page has turned again,
The profiteer may disappear
and cause no longer pain...
The kine-herds sit together now,
relating tales of rain-
O God, who happiness would gain,
must on thy grace rely!

Chapter-III

12

O, rain, were lessons you to take
from my poor, pouring eyes,
Then night and day, in cloudy guise
your drizzle would not stop!

13

Mists do not leave mine eyes, if clouds
are there or not, mists stay;
Remembering Loved one, o'er my cheeks
my tears flow night and day...
Oh, those whose loves are far away
may never cease to weep.

14

Though inside all is overcast,
outside from every cloud is free...
Lightning's mature within, in whom
Love doth reside eternally...
Their eyes shall never rainless be
in whom thought of 'Beloved' reigns.

Suriraag-XII

(Sailing)

Chapter-I

1

O friend, I often did beseech
an old boat do not have;
With worn out sails, the heavy wave

2

Thy boat oil daily, mend its leaks,
and keep in mind, one day
The vessel has to sail away,
a voyage long to make!

3

With riggings furnish it, and then
take it to depth remote,
So that from every harm thy boat
secure and safe may be.

4

Acquire you such merchandise
which time corrupteth not,
That when you sell to far off lands
no loss may be thy lot-
In goods deal only which allot
to thee mainstay secure.

5

Those who with merchandise of Truth
a lasting bargain made;
"You will get your reward", to them
these tidings are conveyed-
Those were they whom the Powers led
through mighty ocean's swell.

6

To ocean dedicate yourself
where endless waters flow;
Thousands of pearls and precious things
its current holds below-
An ounce of such wealth will bestow,
on you a fortune rare.

7

No wave the path of those can stay
who worship the sublime;
Effect of their repentance makes
them safely swim away;
Propped by 'Reliance absolute'
they pass wild current's sway,
By 'Perfect Sailor' met were they
in mid-current, as guide!

8

With precious ware of 'service great'
their vessels they did lade;
'Real Recognition' s' pearls they won
whose worth can never fade;
'Restraint from sin and evil', oh-
that bargain too they made;
May with their blessing I evade
perils, when crossing sea!

9

So difficult it is to fare
on the path to 'Divine'.
So difficult, so very hard
the way, for those who dare-
And even those who know the land
confusion meets them there;
Its violent cross-current to bear
enter with love intense!-

Chapter-II

10

Goods there were heaps and manifold,
traders forgetful were;
Some came in good time and purchased
all that the stores did hold-
Some loitered, and all things were sold
when they had come to buy.

11

The water through the boat did seep,
and precious goods were spoiled;
With spots and smudges some were soiled
and some with rust got black.

12

You came and had at shores a peep,
that you had heard about.-
When everyone had gone to rest,
you also went to sleep;
And so you brought the boat headlong
to whirlpools wild and deep-
The wreck that is too worn and old
may God from sinking keep-
The wretched ones inside rely
on you, they fret and weep,
Arise and help! their praises reap
and bring them safe to port!

13

Boatman, upon the raging sea
both ways you cannot have;
Whole nights you sleep, resting your back
on rudder carelessly
But there across at morn they'll be
and of your doings ask!

14

Sleep not O helmsman! shun your cot,
when danger lurks ahead;
The shore is foaming like the curd
that foams in churning pot...
O helmsman, sleep befits you not
in such an awful state!

15

The divers met the waves that foamed
with hidden treachery-
They battled with the eddies deep,
their fight was grim and dree;
Yet, 't was they who sought the sea,
and brought the lovely pearls.

16

Where'er a pearl exists, behold!
the thieves their haunts will have,
And him awaits fortune untold
who guards the pearl from thieves.

Chapter-III

17

Not offer precious stones to those
who know not gold from brass;
To true jewellers in exchange
your jewels you may pass;
Ah, those who deal in gold, the mass
of metals base they spurn.

18

But gold- dealers have gone...Oh gold
't were best you too should go-
Since no one here your worth doth know
they'll mix you up with brass.

19

The glass-beads are in fashion now
real pearls no more appeal...
My tunic's full of Truth, I feel
ashamed to offer it.

20

The lapidaries that cut gems,
since long from there they fled;
And their successors do not know
e'en how to deal with lead,
And smiths now pewter beat instead
where lapidaries worked!

21

I dealt in glass, and never made
purchase of any pearl;
All tinsel-stuff and leaden ware
and trash I bought instead;
But suddenly, I found, my trade
was placed with gold-experts!

22

With falsehoods I did pass my days;
divine commands I broke-
The vessel overflows with sin
and with my doings base;
Oh knower of the secret ways
thou know 'st already all!

23

The lies that you had hugged, forsake!
approach the source divine
Drive from your heart chicanery,
to honest dealings take;
The Master liketh truth of heart
In mind love's fire wake,
Thus humbly do approach, and make
a bargain, fruitful, good.

24

O God! a bargain that is best,
I beg bestow on me;
The helpless one no power has,
but Master, turns to thee,
O guide, without thy help no one
can reach his destiny-
Who faces high wave on the sea,
with mercy pick him up...

Chapter-IV

25

The maid unwarily
the gem in casket broke...
The gem when whole, its price
a lakh or two would be,
Now it is crushed...ah me,
'tis more than millions worth!

26

Those who kept up all night
to adore Glorious One;
Latif says: E'en their dust
became with honour dight;
Scores to their resting site
flock, homage there to pay.

Samudi-XIII

(Mariners)

Chapter-I

1

Lady, at moorings do remain;
and so prevent the mariners,
From plunging you in sudden pain
by setting sail all suddenly.

2

Lady, at moorings do reside,
and keep the fire in your heart;
Burn on, that mariners abide
with you, not leave you suddenly.

3

At moorings settle down, nor try
to take a rash and careless step,
Or else they will not wait, but will
at once to foreign regions hie,
You knew their home was ocean...why
did you not with them go?

4

Anchor and chains lifted, they are
already far upon the way
Desolate are port and bazaar
for mariners have sailed away.

5

When loved-ones did voyaging start
I was in youth, my blossom-time,
Oh friend, my weeping could not hold
my merchant-love, he would depart;
On fire did he set my heart
and then did sail away.

6

They sailed away! leaving you here-
eons have passed and none came back,
Sorrow for vanished ones, alack
will surely kill you poor one!

7

They sailed along so very far,
Till to the mighty deep they got,
Where swell of ocean swept them off,
and swiftly down and down they shot,
Descending to the traceless spot
which is fathomless ness!

8

Ah me! a mixture of deep woe
are nuptial ties with mariners;
My body he on spikes laid low,
and then my merchant hoisted sail.

9

May you forget the trade you learnt-
-But yesterday I met you here
Today I see you disappear
sailing on ocean waves!

10

My love seems feeble, luckless fate;
They pushed the boat off ere I knew;
With sailors yesterday a bond
I should have made, today's too late.
Why did I not throw myself straight
Into the boat, with hawsers bound?

11

I at the pier did stand when they
Their anchor lifted and set sail.
On God relying, night and day
I shall not cease for them to pray
My longing sighs my life shall sway
Till to my arms they do return!

Chapter-II

12

On foot I cannot reach...they say
so far from me the ports do lie;
No fare in pinafores or purse
I possess for the strip to pay;
Oh ferry-man, so manage that
The dearly loved-one meet I may;
In anguish at thy door I stay
Each day beseeching thee with tears.

13

Alas! no one doth lift a hand-
no one will have them in the boat...
Without a fare, and at the shore
all day till sunset they did stand-
Then God Almighty help did send,
and to the landing place they got!

14

The wives of merchants, waiting there,
Did bring their offerings to the sea;
Bright lights they kindled everywhere
And even musk to waters gave.

15

Ah...now the mast-flag is in sight,
Although the sails not yet they see...
And thrilled with infinite delight
Are those who loved-ones do expect.

16

The ploughers of the salty deep,
The waters sweet have entered now;
Their inmates bargained not for gold
But greater wealth they wished to reap,
The flourishing mariners, lo
Port of Ceylon for pearls did sweep,
And safely in the boat they keep
The treasures they in “Lanka” found.

17

Oh sisters, if to my homestead
My love would come, what joy for me-
Handfuls of pearls around his head
I'll turn, and then to others throw.

18

For those, for whom I sacrificed,
Did worship waters, kindle lights-
My hopes all have been realized,
My loved-ones have returned to me!

19

She kindled lights on land and sea
And pretty tufts to trees she tied
"Oh God I have great hope in Thee
My Loved-one, back to me let come."

20

She who to sea no offerings makes,
And doth not kindle floating lights-
Is not in earnest, hath no stake,
Beloved she will never meet.

Kamod-XIV

(Love-dependent)

Chapter-I

1

You noble are, I humble am
the seat of demerits am I
Seeing your queens, O king, your eye
turn not away from fisher-folk.

2

You noble are, I humble am
scores of defects abide with me
When heaps of smelling fish you see,
turn not away from fisher-folk.

3

You are king, master of the land
and I sell fish, poor fisher-maid,
Do not forsake me, for't is said
that I, oh king, belong to thee.

4

Those who do feed on smelling fish,
and fish is all their property-
The king, the noble king, O see!
with them relationship has made-

5

The basket full of smelling fish,
and all the loaded herring-trays-
Fishers, whose touch avoided is
and such unpleasantness conveys
The king strands in their thatch always
and gently holds converse with them!

Chapter-II

6

Now she longer catches fish,
nor cuts, cooks, cures as formerly;
She neither holds the scales and weight,
not fish-net in her hands we see-
Now to the court-modes cleaveth she,
such as befits a kingly house!

7

Her hands and feet, her face and form
no more of fisher-maid remind-
As there's a chief-string in the lute
she's queen of all the queens combined;
From the beginning all her ways
were queenly, noble and refined,
The king perceived it and did bind
the regal bracelet on her wrist!

8

Fie upon maids of princely caste
who walk stiff-necked, so haughtily-
Praise to the daughter of the lake,
her true love to the king gave she...
Out of all royal ladies, he,
the pearl bestowed on fisher-maid.

Chapter-III

9

Court-ladies now adorn themselves,
to win king back with beauty spells-
But king midst fisher people dwells,
within his hand the fishing-net!

10

The fishing-net in hands of king,
and fisher-maid did rudder sway!
Upon the lake all yesterday
fish-hunting gay was going on!-

11

"On deep, clear waters of the lake,
with my beloved now I sail,
Of my desires none did fail,
all are fulfilled, none went astray."

12

Upon the waters transparent,
along the banks float lotus-flowers,
And all the lake rich fragrance showers
as sweet as musk when spring-winds blow.

Chapter-IV

13

Credit of raising fisher-maid
Belongs to Tamachi,
He took her in his carriage, and
a human-being he
Made out of her,...in Keenjhar, see!
All say this is the truth.

14

Of those before the 'Jam' was born
the fish-maid nothing knows,
They don't attend ceremonies,
go not to weddings, nor to shows,
What hath lake-life to do with those?
they only know the head, the king.

15

...None gave king birth, to no one birth
gave He-He's generous,...alone-
The fisher women old and young,
as His relations He doth own;
"He is not born, He gives no birth"-
blance unique, to change unknown
Tamachi's high eternal throne,
so great and oh, so glorious is!

Sasui: Abri-XV

(Tribulations)

Chapter-I

1

Now or after, my destiny
is my Beloved one-
The labour of poor one, O God
let it in vain not be
I beg for nothing, but to see
my loved-one in this life

2

Sasui's heart breaks from pain's torment
and rends all hearts around;
Immaculate Sasui, her eyes
are e'er on Punhu bent;
Her virtuous mind on Beauty of
the glorious One intent;
Faithful up to the last...all spent-
the maid in mountains dies.

3

Sasui, undone by longing, yet
affects the longing more;
Drank deep of Punhu's company
and yet for more doth fret;
Aye, still more thirsty they do get
who drink draughts from this stream.

4

Seeing the flood of Beauty, they
who drank a sip from there
It all the more increased their thirst
their longing and despair;
Although they live in mid-stream ne'er
this boundless thirst is quenched,

5

Sasui, before you follow Punhu,
feel your utter helplessness;
Take naught for granted, attitude
unservant like do not possess;
Oh, with yourself take only love,
and without 'Self' you must progress...
Make no approach to Azazil,
to save yourself from deep distress;
Keep company with hopelessness
so that you nearer come to hope.

6

Do not rejoice in comfort, seeing
sorrow do not fear...
In sacrifice don't crush your own,
nor houses new do rear;
Dead one, don't die, in no case here
try to maintain your life.

Chapter-II

7

Ah, those that are from longing free
how Kech can ever reach?
Such wishful hundreds did I see
that ere mid-way gave up.

8

Each doth express a wish, but none
ready for hunger is...
To walk is not for every one.
nor make a trip like this-
I take for company, I was,
one who not loves the 'Self'.

9

I pledged my troth when innocent;
suspecting no torment;
Nor knew brothers in law would leave
with me longing, lament...
The longing one, on seeking bent
Must now through mountains roam.

10

O sisters, when my troth I plighted
ignorant was I;
Or with my mountaineer's subjection
how could I comply?
A brief talk did my being tie
to Punhu for all life.

11

Those, who do husbands own, return-
I'll not come without mine;
To search the deepest mountain depth
and turn each stone, I yearn,
To settle love's account I burn
with camel-riders there.

Chapter-III

12

Frail one, do never slow your pace
when seeing mountains high...
The threatening mountains do not fear,
and keep your love-ablaze;
And never give up hope to see
your loved-ones lovely face-
Don't seek him in a far-off place,
he's nearer than your eyes.

13

Those who took off from 'here' their mind
and fixed it 'there', they reached;
Beloved, Beauty, Truth to find
for them one step it was.

14

Kechis are speaking-now Sasui
you should become an ear;
The breath that comes from them, but silence
can distinguish here;
Sir silently, and only 'hear',
that fire you may acquire.

15

Now be an ear-the Kechis speak;
no word must come from thee;
And not an iota of your 'I'
should in their presence be...
Behold, the Kechis cut the tree
of being from the root.

16

Sometimes ones should become an ear;
sometimes a mouth should turn-
Sometimes like knife one should appear
sometimes a lamb become.-

Chapter-IV

17

Your love is not where you surmise;
and where you think he be,
Walk not to mounts, the wood you have
to cross within you lies;
Your being ask for all advice
and strangers keep outside.

18

Sasui, within yourself you bear
what you are seeking so;
No one found ever anything
by walking here and there,-
As though he your own being were
so seek his whereabouts.

19

Why do you go to woods remote?
why not your love search here?
Believe, not hiding anywhere
is your beloved Hoat;
Be pure, gird up your loins, faithful
upon you loved-one dote
Look deep into yourself and note
Beloved's home is there.-

20

Not with your feet keep wandering
but with your heart do walk
A courier's job will never bring
you anywhere to Kech.

Chapter-V

21

While peeping in myself I was...
I with my soul conversed;
No camel-man was there to chase,
all mountains had dispersed;
'Punhu' I had become...immersed
in woe, but 'Sasui' was.

22

I was deceived by my fancy-
or else Punhu myself I was;
I lost myself in presence of
the prince's noble majesty;
Unless you yourself loved-one see
No iota worldy knowledge helps.

23

Once you give up existence, know
you are near the unique-
Refuge seek in: “ whate'er I saw
God was in it”, and lo
Then your Beloved cannot go
from you one minute mere.

24

Your love is in your lap, and yet
you ask: "where is he, where"?
O understand, he's in your soul
to see him wont you care?
No one to the Bazar will fare
Beloved there to find.

25

I hunted for my rider-swain;
vain was the search I made,
The clue of him I got was: “God
dose everything pervade;
He Himself is in every blade
without Him nought exists.”

Sasui: Desi-XVI

(The Native)

1

I careless was first part of night;
so morning brought despair-
For while I slept my rider-spouse
for travel did repair;
For my destruction to prepare
at mid-night they did leave.

2

O mountain-, that does stand between
my love and me, thy threat is vain-
Had there a thousand mountains been
my longing would have crossed them all.

3

The sacred knot that love has tied
between Punhu and me...
Now in beauteous Bhambore to stay
Poison for me shall be...
Do not advise me sisters, to
return to home and glee;
Because my breath is property
of my beloved Hoat.

4

With longing I lay down, with eyes
awake and found no slept, he came
and then I could not rise-
Sisters I erred, for in what wise
is longing kin to sleep?

Sasui: Kohiyari-XVII

(The Mountain Path)

Chapter-I

1

Careless one, drop this drowsiness;
no more for slumber seek-
O shameless one, drive sleep from eyes
and be no longer weak-
So that you may not have to shriek
in mountains after him-

2

Those who upon their couches lay,
with outstretched legs, alas...
The company did pass away,
leaving such sleeping ones.

3

Reproach comes to unlucky ones
who so much sleep desire;
Why after Punhu do enquire
who sleep from sunset on?

4

Hard-hearted mount, vain was my plea,
high-handed tyrant thou;
My being you sawed, as wood-cutters
do cut the helpless tree;
But for decree of Destiny
Oh, who would walk thy stones?

5

O mountain, when my love I meet;
your tortures I'll relate;
Your hideous shadow ghosts at dawn,
your winding way's deceit,
You did me not with kindness treat
but dimmed the loved-one's tracks.

6

O silent mountain, not a clue
you give me my love-
But yesterday a camel-cade
in long row moved through you,
This dead one's spouse, did you not view
amongst the company?

7

O mountain, to the friend I'll bear
at once the gret reproach;
That you to shreds the very soles
of my poor feet did tear;
That your soul is of pity bare
and ne'er any worth you know.

8

O mountain, hearts of sorrowing ones
you should console and soothe;
Instead of that, their feet you bruise-
you stony, callous one.

9

O mountain, each day in sacrifice
I throw myself on you-
Because there are mysterious ties
'twixt you and my love's tale.

10

O mount, the helpless one in woe
now sits with you and weeps;
But never anyone lets know
the links twixt you and her.

11

O mountain, though you hot have grown
you cannot harm me now;
You may be made of hardest stone
my limbs are iron-made-
't is no one's fault, it is my own
my own strange destiny.

Chapter-II

12

O Punhu do not leave me here
in mountains weird and dire-
I'll walk with you on foot, and fire
to Bhambore I will set.

13

Reflection of my Punhu, light
it doth display and shade;
I have to walk the chequered road...
O see, the cloth is laid
In soda-wash, and clean is made
ere colours it receives.

14

Reflection of my Punhu is
like cloud and flash, and I
Follow this Prince and sob and sigh
and weep without respite.

15

Reflection of my Punhu is
the acme of all Bliss-
For his sake my most luckless day
for me comfort it is
Calamity my Prince left, his
sweetest gift for me.

Sasui: Ma'dhuri-XVIII

(The Helpless)

Chapter-I

1

Hast thou not heard a voice Sasui?
or dost at random walk?
Hundreds of Sasui's walked behind
their lovers before thee-
From start Baluchi progeny
has no compassion learnt

2

O grieving one; brush pain aside,
and comforts do forget-
Your eyes on Punhu's footprints set,
that you may find him soon.

3

Start on the road denuded, greed,
temptations do not keep-
And those who are too fond of sleep,
their tryst with loved-one miss.

4

Leave all your lovely robes behind,
and nothing with you bring;
One, burdened not with anything
Keeps forefront on the way.

5

One that without a burden walks
will soon the loved-one meet-
But she has missed her union sweet
who affects lovely wraps.

6

She who adorns herself, in vain
waits for the meeting true;
She is deprived like Leela, who
sold her love for jewels.

Chapter-II

7

A thousand thorns do prick my feet;
they cause me endless woe!
Alas, my feet are torn, one toe
meets not the other toe;
And yet, with bare feet I will go
to my beloved one.

8

With hands, feet, knees, and every breath
Sasui you must proceed;
Your guide will meet you at the stream
and give you further lead;
As long there's breath, place naught, indeed
But Punhu in your heart.

9

I could not my Beloved meet
and now you set, o sun!
My message to the loved-one bring
before my day is done;
when you reach Kech say: "Helpless one
is dying on the way".

10

I could not reach my loved-one, and
my life's already past...
Alas, the woeful one did waste
her days declining fast-
In old age now, her eyes are cast
upon her Punhu rare.-

11

Alas, I could not reach my love-
already death appears...
Beloved did not come, although
I looked for him for years
Destroyed by separation's tears
I destined am to die.

12

Die and relieve, so that Beauty
of loved-one leaves you never;
Acceptable you'll be for ever,
accepting this advice.

13

Die to be beautiful, life is
hindrance twixt him and you,-
Helpless one, boldly do pursue,
give breath to find the friend.

14

Who die before death, never will
destroyed by dying be.-
Who live ere second life they see
will live eternally.

Sasui: Husaini-XIX

(The Wailings)

Chapter-I

1

O look not back! nor hesitate,
for sun declines in West-
Thy pace do quicken, do not rest
ere sunrise try to reach

2

O sun, make it not hard for me,
by setting very soon:
The tracks of Punhu let me see
ere I in mountains die.

3

A rain is pouring from my brow,
hot perspiration's stream;
What I thought love, revealed is now
consuming fire flame.-

4

The day is burning, she doth move
now swifter on her way;
This Brahmin girl, an ancient love
for the Bluchis has.

5

As long you live, aglow remain;
there's no way without fire;
In hot and cold, swift pace maintain
there is no time to rest.

6

On rising, thought of mountaineers
did overwhelm me there;
I shall leave Bhambore, nought endears
this Bhambore to my heart.

7

Sisters, for pleasures of Bhambore
the caravan I missed;
Therefore I now with sorrow sore
the monutains have to search.

8

Sisters, your freedom do secure
by leaving Bhambore now;
Our old comrades here did endure
much sorrow and much pain.

9

In Bhambore is the smoke of hell;
Sisters, from Bhambore part-
Sasui take the guide and start
early and not delay.

10

Sisters, my heart is sorrow-cleft.
and wounded I do live...
Of loved-ones all, for whom I long
alas, I am bereft;
Can I forget those who have left
e'en now before my eyes?

11

Bhambore, the town of ugliness,
the noble prince adorned;
Lord of the mountains, from whole world
removed fear and distress,
Maids art of printing learnt, model
was Punhu,s loveliness-
Unrivalled one, Bhambore did bless
and decent it became.

12

The Bhambore that not walked behind
the Hoat, confounded got;
Unrivalled One, the town did not
recognize, walked like blind;
Those priviledge were, who did find
his beauty with their hearts.

13

Who saw him with their hearts, did feel
to follow him at once;
When Punhu did himself conceal
e'en then they followed him.

14

In hot and cold incessantly
walk on, and do not wait;
At fall of night you will not see
the tracks of him you seek.

15

There was a time when princely Hoat
my clothes to wash did choose;
Now even camel men refuse
to take me with themselves.

16

My gown is at my shoulders torn;
alas my head is bare-
O sisters in your Bhambore fair
What have I now to do?

Chapter-II

17

From grief and woe she did obtain
the lead, to walk the way;
It was from guidance of the pain
she Punhu found at last.-

18

A hundred comforts I will give
and bargain too my head,
If in exchange I may instead
a single sorrow get.

19

Sweet sorrow, do not you depart
as went away my love...
To none I may pour out my heart
but you, since he has left.

20

Sorrow, joys' beauty constitute;
joys without sorrows spurn;
By virtue of such sorrow's mood
my love comes to my arms

21

We walk in fellowship with 'Care'
but keep the world at bay-
When even very young we were,
sorrow made home with us.

Chapter-III

22

Those who are seeking for the friend,
one day the friend will find;
The seeking ones will at the end
reach loved-ones domicile.-

23

No more alive...or dead...yet death
I feel is claiming me...
Beloved...I give up my breath
in longing now for thee.-

24

Had you died yesterday, you'd met
your Punhu yesterday,
All hale-and-hearty, never yet
succeeded finding love.

25

As soon or late I death must see;
may I in mountains die...
Sisters, so that my death should be
on my Beloved's count.

26

Better in mountains cut and sore,
striving for Punhu, die-
That all the world for ever more
thy love shall glorify.

27

She follows in pursuit, calls, cries-
but smiles when tracks she finds;
Who turns one step back when she dies
shall ne'er the loved-one see.

28

As night advances, swifter grows
her step and swifter still...
Her innocent mind nothing knows
but the word: “rider-spouse”.

29

Don't cease to call persistently;
keep calling, begging still-
Then riding-men may suddenly
relax, remembering thee.

30

To whate'er you in life adhere,
Links after death remain;
And those who cannot see Hoat here
How will they see him 'there'?

Leela-XX

1

By jewels tempted, necklace bright
you craved,....so satan scores did cheat;
You lost your spouse through his deceit-
your era then of weo began.

2

The jewelis no jewel-nay,
nor necklace worth to tempt your heart;
Its origin is clay and bits
of glass it doth betray;
Cursed trinket, in its fine array
made many from the loved-one part.-

3

Pendant of sorrow was, what you
a necklace though to be;
Your lord decked your maid with grace
which he from you withdrew.
May no discord part lovers true
and union break in twain.

4

By show she slipped....and by conceit
she fell, shattered was she;
World came to her, called her a fool
reproaches she did meet.
They burnt her heart with scorn to death-
her downfall was complete.-
All her youth's blossoms, fragrant, sweet
dried up with in her heart.

5

Exalted amongst friends; I was
the wise one in the land;
Something upset the balance-and
now I must hang my head.

6

I was in Chanesar 's domain
first lady, and at social feasts
First was I called, and always first,
until my heart grew vain;
He thrust me off..with shame and pain
now lowest in the land I am.

7

With Chanesar's affection let
no wanton maiden play;
No place for coquetry is this
I learnt to my regret-
His disapproval doth beget
sorrow for happy ones.

8

With zest, all lofty ones have decked,
their necks with diamonds fine;
Hundred devices they employ
before the loved-one to shine;
But the beloved dose incline
to those who meekly walk.

9

Discard your former ways, be free
from all you learnt before;
Humility's scarf round your neck
do wear...with poverty
Do link yourself, Leela, and see
He'll never let you down.

10

Wise Leela, you have known so well
the nature of your Lord...
With diamonds round your neck, you thought
to cast on him a spell.-
In reading thoughts he does excel
Discerner He of hearts.

11

O God, let me not clever be,
clever ones sorrows see-
Loved-one all favours did to me
when I was simpleton.

12

The meeting place of town, Elite
my house was formerly-
But when I diamonds touched, my spouse
did loathe my very sight;
All his affection vanished quite
and sorrow's reign commenced.

13

The happiness that grows from mind
self-centered, cursed it be;
Unhappiness seek, which will find
the priceless love for thee!

14

Avoid to show off, argue not
with Chanesar.. beware-
To you nor me beloneth He
and many more are there,
Who once by Him much favoured were
and now weep at his door.-

15

Leela, if by beseeching Him
He won't forgive your fall-
Keep on beseeching more all more
on his compassion call-
Despair not, your pains he knows all-
immense His mercy is.

16

Despair not, rise and cleanse the house;

prepare to sacrifice

Ancestors, 'Self' and all, there lies

the cleaning process true.-

Mumal and Rano-XXI

Chapter-I

1

With love, all unalloyed, is dight
Yogi entirely-
Like image at rising sun
he flutters, he Kak, where with delight
virgins enlivened him.

2

The yogi looks like sun so fair,
when scaling morning-skies
Such sweet entrancing fragrance pours
from out his silken hair;
Show us the land, where fragrance rare
O yogi you obtained!

3

O loin-clothed, one, let us know,
the way you virgins met
Why from your eyes continuously
the tears of blood do flow?
O Sami! on us light bestow
of beauty that you found!

4

“Go, go, to waters of Kak go
where love is made, they say;
Where there is neither night nor day
all shall Beloved see!

5

Resplendent diamonds gleam within
Magnetic Mumal's eyes...
Common or uncommon, who tries
to see these eyes, is slain.

6

O camel, for such enterprise
master bred you with care;
With vigilance cross over now
to where Ludhana lies;
Mumal we have to face this eve,
or when the sun doth rise;
With her consent on Kak's supplies
of blossoms you may browse.

7

Beautiful like the roses sweet
are robes of damsels fair...
In Jasmin-fragrant coiffuers they
have piled their long, fine hair.
From Beauty so entrancing, love
is kindled everywhere;
Wondrous show, damsels spinning there
on-lookers dumb-struck gaze.

8

Like fresh pan-leaves are shawls they wear
of shimmering emerald silk-
Their bodies all refreshed with atter
and ambergris rare;
From fulsome platis sandal and musk
perfume all round the air;
And delicate ears, dainty ware
of glistening gold do hold-
Today Mumal's in glorious from
rejoicing, free from care;
Because Rano without compare,
her fiancée hath become!...

9

Mumal had wounded many, lo
she's wounded now instead-
A pointed arrow struck her head
from knightly Rano's bow.-

Chapter-II

10

Although Rano not destined is
Mumal to be with thee-
This will be clear from Rano's love...
still not resentful be,
Weep not, but bear it patiently,
Be true to kinship new.

11

Kak could not hold those wanderers
Castles not tempt their mind...
No maid or mistresses their hearts
with magic strings could bind
For e'er Lahutis left behind
myraids of maids as these.-

12

Kak could not hold those wanderers
for wealth they did not care,-
It was by men of such a mould
royal virgins wounded were-
Lahutis they could not ensnare
with all their coquetry.

13

They passed Kak at the corner, long
that corner turned have they...
To those who are now far away
what shall some 'Natir' do?

Chapter-III

14

Ludhana is a hell mere
without Beloved mine;
Friends, Rano took offence last night
and left me torture here...
And Kak to me is poison sheer
the moment he is gone.

15

O Rano, hardly had you come,
you turned and went away
But were you not my spouse? why not
to wake me did you stay?
Then soon you would have known who lay
beside me on the bed.

16

Whole night my lamp did burn, but see
the dawn is breaking now;
Rano without thee I shall die-
In God's name come to me
Oh-all the crows of Kak to thee
as messenger I sent.

17

I trimmed the wick, again, again,
oil is consumed at last
Stranger-beloved, do return
riding a camel fast;
Weeping for Rano, night is past,
the whole of night I wept.

18

Orion stands above my head;
Pleiades have declined...
The time is past...he did not come
Rano, for whom I pined-
Fie on cursed night, without my love
it passed, and left me woe-confined-
To give me hell, he did not mind
now rests he in his dhat.

19

Rano, I weep when I behold
the empty places here
Dust settled on beds and divans
so drab looks all and cold;
Unused by master pillows lie,
and nought but dust they hold-
Without you, trees and flowers fade
and never more unfold...
Who would bear my freaks mainfold
but my Mendharo dear?

20

Continuously I watch your way,
mine eyes are at the door-
May you come back to me Rano,
I heaven do implore;
You hold my life, else many more
of Rano's world contains.

21

I did not realize my sweet,
the faults I did commit;
They now recoil on me, and hit
me justly in the face.

22

't was by your patience, I became
a human being dear-
't was through a whim of mine, my name,
myself, you came to know.

23

If Mendharo to my own house
would come as guest, to stay with me-
To flames I'd give self-consciousness
my knowledge and my ancestry;
Pride egoism I would throw
Into the stove, most certainly
My sacrifice for loved-one be
the home, parents, myself.

24

Who with a lion doth ally
herself, must steady be-
Affectionate and vigilant
In Rano's wake do lie-
O Mumal, not like rain do pour
On all that you come by...
When resurrection day is nigh
you will of Rano think.

25

Go straight ahead, and look not back
nor turn this side or that,
Or else, a temple-turning smack
unwarily you receive.

Chapter-IV

26

A messenger! in haste he is
By he is sent;
With promise: "one you love will reach
Ludhana for your bliss;
The speedy camel will not miss
to enter Kak at Dawn."

27

A message great and new arrived
from Mendharo last night;
We have received a gift divine,
from Giver of all light-
"Ask not for caste-all we invite
all are accepted here."

28

Where need I drive the camel? when
Glory all round is beaming?
Kak in my being doth radiate,
In me's Ludhano gleaming;
Of Rano sweet my soul is dreaming
there is none else but 'He'.-

29

Where need one drive the camel? when
great radiance reigns all round?
In my being is Kak...in me
gardens and springs abound;
There is no other voice or sound
But all is 'Mendharo'.

Barwo Sindhi-XXII

(Beloved)

Chapter-I

1

O say, to what end you to others
would a servant be?
Of Gen'rous one hold stirrup, Lord
of worlds and Destiny?
Who loves Allah alone, but he
supremely happy is!

2

A reed doth murmur with distress
when cut , so even I
Cry suddenly for loved-one in
a fit of wretchedness;-
O leech, brand not my arm, sickness
and pain are in the heart!

3

My breath no longer is my own-
ruled now by other power-
How is my breast assailed by woe
that has a mountain grown?
My love, in dream Himself had shown,
brought joy, and then had gone!

4

When longing for you in despair,
Loved-one if once you came-
My eye lashes upon your feet
I'd lay in humblest prayer
I'd for your carpet spread my hair
and be your slave for aye!

5

Beloved, all from thee is good!
but still, 't was not thy way,
To take me mad with love and then
depart with changing mood;
And let me die in solitude,
e'en though you loved me not!

Chapter-II

6

Today again mine eyes are drenched,
remembering the loved one-
The drops of tear ne'er cease to flow,
till all my being,s blenched;
Longing for loved-one is not quenched
by looking at His works!

7

Today they called, with eyes so kind;
and killed me with their eyes...
My flesh they distributed and
left skeleton behind-
Did urge to search for truth and practice
patience in the mind;
They killed her whom they dead did find
aft'r wounding with smiles!

8

Sometimes their doors with latches tied,
On other days wide open are;
Some days I cannot enter, some
they call me with them to abide-
Sometimes I for their voices long;
some days their secrets they confide;
Such are my masters glorified,
beloved masters mine!

9

O you, my dear beloved Sir,
thy slave I wholly am;
With folded hands I ever serve,
thy presence I desire;
Not for a minute from your door
O sir, I would retire,
I pray; Beloved do not tire-
Thy kind looks not withdraw!

10

When with infinite grace, Beloved
Doth walk upon the ground;
With "Bismillah" earth on His path
prints kisses all around-
The 'houris' by His beauty struck
stand with submission bound-
I swear, that never I have found
such Beauty any where!

11

As smith a link with link doth join
to make it ever last,
So Loved-one fixed me up, and fast
He holds me ever more!

Chapter-III

12

The worlds is passing soon or late,
one breath it is, not long;
And with their feet they'll bury you
a tomb will be your fate;
The measuring rod and spade, do wait
as last things on this earth.-

13

Friendship by words they do profess;
an easy thing to do;
The proof will come when need and stress
the real friends will reveal.

14

Changed Adam's children now do treat
sincerity as trifle;
Who on this earth a human being's
flesh would like to cat?
O friend in this world nothing will
remain but perfume sweet,
One single-minded you may meet
all else is outward show!

15

The heart loves only One and more
it never doth admit;
Give your heart to that One, even
If hundreds sue for it;
Ridiculous are those that flit
for friends from door to door!

16

My loved ones, all my blemishes...
weaknesses came to know;
They never did reproach me...nay,
nor did they anger show-
Loved-ones a covering did bestow
o'er all my shortcoming!

17

The Generous One, presence of loved ones
kindly granted me-
Their thoughts were to return and
re-establish harmony;
Their way is: though a breech there be
they never will forsake.

Dahar-XXIII

(Desert)

Chapter-I

1

Relate to us some tale, O thorn;
tale of this lake relate;
Of moonlit-nights that did adorn
the place, and how you fared.

2

Be calm, and tell us what you know
of keepers of this lake.
Today in wretched plight and woe
difficult days you pass.

3

Did really all thy friends depart?
thy loving associates?-
With crimson fruit thou laden art
that fall all over thee.

4

If for the masters of this lake,
you would such sorrow feel,
How could you lovely blossoms make
and such a wealth of fruit?

5

The lake is dry, and brushwood grows
about the dusty banks;
And human being rarely shows
his face about the place.

Chapter-II

6

When waters ran abundantly
big fish, you wouldn't return;
Today, tomorrow you will be
in net of fishing-folk.

7

O fish, you grew so over-fat,
Butting against all that you met;
Expanse of water now hath set
Dried is what once you saw.

8

“Into my heart their hook they thrust-
the very flesh they cleft,
They did not kill right-out, but left
perpetual sorrow's line.|”

9

As great as is 'Thy' name, so great
the mercy I implore-
Without pillars without supports,
thou my refuge e'er more-
When Thou knowst everything before
ah me...why should I ask?

10

Beloved, do not slacken thou
Thy ties with humble me;
One so contemptible has got
no other hold but thee...
Only thy sweet name, verily
I know and remember.

Chapter-III

11

Few nights of earth...o'er which your head
you lost Oh simpleton...
Oh many more will come, when dead
you quite alone will lie.-

12

Sleeper arise! akin to sin
Is such a none can win
By sleeping recklessly.-

Chapter-IV

13

In the mountain there is chatter-
cranes are wanting to go out;
They discussed last night the matter
and this morning they are gone.

14

Have you then forgotten quite
and their talk you never heard
When preparing, they last night
Had decided to depart.-

15

Oh my crane, your flock has gone-
it departed yesterday-
Ah, without loved-one, alone
what will you in mountains do.

16

They in conveys travel ever,
their connections never cut-
Not like man their kinship sever,
Oh, behold the loving birds.

17

O man, at dawn what glitters bright
take not for drops of dew.
But seeing sorrowing ones, the night
Burst into thousand tears.

18

Trouble will come to those, who do
In 'face' and 'from' delight-
Fools laugh and laugh, forgetting quite
the task that they came for.

19

Degenerates enamored were
Of forth,...milk tasted not,
They lost 'Direction' through world's share
and empty-handed went.

20

Today a bridegroom gay and strong-
tomorrow lies in grave;
Building a fort of sand...how long
will you be building still.

Ghatu-XXIV

(Shark-Hunters)

1

Even the wise confounded got
and heroes lost their wits
Those who went out to face the sea,
were caught by current's plot;
Of "Ebb and tide", they all forgot
what they had learnt before.

2

A power weird is in Kalach,
lost is who enters there;
No one brings news who does ensnares
the nets and keeps them down.

3

To Kalachi but yesterday
brave men went forth with spears;
Late were the brothers...none returned,
nought more of them one hears.
Whirlpools have swallowed them one fears
the fishers all are dead.

4

Where fishers used to seek the fish,
the barren sand-dunes lie;
Fish-sellers ruined, the river dry;
and tax collector gone

5

Had they been near, they would have come;
perchance too far they got
Fisher folk saw their haunts, called out
to know about their lot...
Alas, resonse received they not
and sadly they returned.

6

The bazaar is without fish-smell,
while market formerly
With small carps, and with herrings too
abundantly did swell.
Now there is not a shrimp to sell
buyers have empty hands.

7

You throw the nets in creeks...not so
the sharks are ever killed;
Possess strong sweep nets that you throw
in deepest sea below;
Sharks not to shallow waters go,
and depths are far ahead.

8

To enter sea, prepare your ropes;
strengthen them bit by bit-
-Relationship do not befit
Kalachi fishermen!

9

Shark hunter's 'moob', that is the way
a victory to reap-
Their eagerness for whirlpools, and
their longing for the deep,
Deprives them every night of sleep-
they yearn to kill the shark.

10

In search, they into whirlpools got
and to fathomless ness...
They killed the shark; with happiness
now beam fishermen's eyes.

Kapaitie-XXV

(Spinner)

Chapter-I

1

Although a spinner, not depend
upon yourself entirely;
The knowing buyer faults at end
may find within your thread.

2

As long as you can spin, spin on,
work-season soon declines;
All spinners are...but work of all
is not in favour lines-
She ne'er breaks thread, nor for rest pines
who has realized the truth.

3

This phase will end so soon, as long,
you can spin, spinning keep-
For your Eid do prepare a work
of art, and success reap.
That scorching tears you may not weep
'midst your girl friends tomorrow.

4

Toil on and feel not proud, or else
your Lord offended be-
The wheel turn...round your neck hang scarf
Of sweet humility...
You little faulty one-then see
your work is not in vain.

Chapter-II

5

When connoisseurs arrived, they found,
the flaws that did not please.
They called to spinner...in their way
they asked: "How made you these?"
"Untidy I, have failed to tease
the lumps from out the yarn."-

6

With rancour in their hearts, although
with fine yarn spools they fill,
Not even an ounce the expert will
Of their product accept.

7

Wondrous devotion spinners have,
who tremble, spin and spin;
For earning good, in spinning yard
at sun-rise they begin-
Such soul-beauty the connoisseurs
even for themselves would win
Yarn spun by spinners so genuine
without weighing they buy.

Chapter-III

8

Who in themselves the cotton thrash
their thread's without compeer;
The 'whirr' of spinning wheel, they would
not let their life's breath hear,-
Secretly, tremblingly they go
on spinning so sincere-
Those that refuse the jewels here,
priceless themselves they are.

9

Now yesterday you did not spin-
Today you have no time to spend;...
You silly one, how long the friend
shall overlook your faults?

10

The spinners, spinning, spinning were-
but now not one I spy-
Spinning wheels in disorder lie,
and sitting huts are closed.-

11

I neither see same cotton-pods
nor spinners are the same-
So empty the bazaar become
to see it, breaks my hearts!

12

Wool in my tunic, I proceed
to spinning-yard...alas,
No single spinner breathing was
they'd gone to sleep for aye.

Rippa-XXVI

(Calamity)

Chapter-I

1

O mother, sorrow's harrowing
has swamped my whole being
All honour to the sorrowing
who walk on uphill way.

2

My love took joy and health from me;
sorrow my mate became;
Mother, my fate destruction be
thus parted from my love.

3

Sorrows have neither hands nor feet,
yet wildly run through me-
Within they travel in dense rows
nought can their rage defeat,
Oh, who in loneliness complete
would without loved-one live?

4

Dry ground gives rise to growth, in rain,
the same with me it is...
From separation growth of pain
and sorrow issue forth.

Chapter-II

5

The mind awake doth never stay,
although with scorn I keep it reined-
With dust gets covered all the day
just like a road-side tree.

6

When I lay waking on my bed,
Loved-one's favours stirred memory;
My pillow got all wet with tears
hand too, on which did lie my head
Memory kept on...with pain I said:
"Sisters, my life is all in vain.-"

7

Mine eyes don't sleep, their drowsiness
now all but broken is;
When fires dull, memory's distress
makes flames shoot up again.

8

Remembering your kindness, I live...
favours endless I count,
Numberless graces you did give
Beloved, to poor me!

9

For outside clouds I need not care,
rain ever pours within;
Beloved's clouds are everywhere
on my horizons here.

10

Desiring to forget, I groan,
and yet I can't forget-
Longing hurts like a broken bone
sharp and continuously.

Chapter-III

11

Weep secretly, and not disclose
through tears your wretched state;
And all the sorrows bear, still those
arrive who pains remove.

12

O hide your love, as potters do
that cover up the kiln-
Free fire cannot bake a pot,
the potters' ways pursue;
As potters do with kiln, so you
must ne'er uncover fire.

Karayal-XXVII

(The Swan)

Chapter-I

1

The root of Lotus flower fair
in deepest waters grows-
High soars the humble-bee, but fate
their in most wishes knows.
Through love, fulfillment it bestows,
and makes the lovers meet.

2

The swan that shunned the cormorants
now spreads its wings, to fly
To heavens high! so to descry
fountains where his love dwells.

3

Now from the height, the deepest depth
his eye doth pierce, to find
The things to which he is inclined,
the tiny shining bits.

Chapter-II

4

Why not you enter depths and dive
For bits, rejoicing there
My swan, why for the banks you care;
no use have banks for thee.

5

These waters by the cormorants
polluted, soiled they were-
Swans are ashamed to enter there
and never venture near.

7

O foolish swan! with cormorants
do not keep company;
But change the dirty waters, seek
the clean ones speedily...
Or else you'll drink one day...may be
with herons of the swamps.

8

Why do you hang about the banks
or by the roadside hide?
To meadows broad of 'Oneness' go,
plan no escape, abide,
And find the lake of love, to float
in its refreshing tide-
Of secrets hum, of Reality-
With fellow swans reside;
With recognition true your heart
cleanse, and be purified-
Inspired by the guide, pick grains,
and sing, by nought defied;
So that you never on this side
bird-hunter may behold.

9

O swan! come to clear waters, where
you are remembered still-
The hunters here are out to kill
and they are after you!

10

the swans divine are those who pick
the pearls from waters pure;
They never soil their beaks with mud;
some fishes to secure;
In crowds of cormorants, obscure
They are...world knows them not.

Chapter-III

11

The lakes are same, but different birds
now in their waters lave...
Ah... those with graceful necks, who gave
sweet songs, flew far away.

12

The lovely peacocks all are dead,
and not one swan I see...
Instead the crafty snipes...ah me
have here their homeland made.

Marui-XXVIII

Chapter-I

1

When 'Be' was not yet said, nor was
there flesh-bone scheme or plan;
When Adam had not yet received
his form, was not yet man;
Then my relationship began,
my recognition too.

2

"Am I not thy Lord?" came a voice;
a voice so sweet and clear;
And I said: "yes" with all my heart
when I this voice did hear;
And with a bond I did adhere
that moment to my love

3

Ere God created souls, by saying;
"Be",-all one they were;
Together were they-and behold
my kinship started there
I still this recognition bear
with thee, Beloved mine.

Chapter-II

4

A prisoner I by destiny...
or who would want, these forts
"We nearer than thy life's vein are"
to that home I will flee
When will I be from mansions free
and reach my Maru sweet?

5

I'll burn these houses... Mansions tall
that shorn of loved-ones are
"All things return to their origin"
that's my longing's call;
May I walk home, away from all
and see my land 'malir'.

6

No news, no dream vouchsafed to me
no messenger doth come;
From 'there to here', there's no reply,
no answer to my plea-
Princes, I know not what must be
accounts you did render.

7

O God, do send the messenger
who will my message bear-
I do belong to them, although
to own me they don't care...
I hold the pen within my hand,
may some one paper spare;
Tears check my writing, in despair
O'er pen they fall and fall.

8

Scores of patches my bodice shows,
my head with rags is decked-
I to my people hoped to go
and all robes did reject;
My shawl from Dhat, may God protect
its virtue to hide my shame.

9

In the condition that I came,
could I return in same-
What glory, like a seasonal rain
what joy would I reclaim.

10

Almighty God, let it not be
that I in bondage die
Enchained my body night and day,
doth weep in misery-
O let me first my homeland see
and then my days let end.

11

O where is my distinction gone?
my beauty and my grace?
My homeland I can never seek
in this condition base;
If beauty granted be then face
I dare Beloved one.

12

Omar, my face so dirty is,
my beauty now is done;
And yet, I have to go where none
without beauty's received.

Chapter-III

13

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
She does not smile or eat,
On Omar's justice relies she
who robbed her freedom sweet;-
"The havoc you have wrought, you'll meet
at your arrival 'there'."

14

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
clotted it is, ugly
The nomad folks of desert land
live in her memory-
"Omar, parted from them, unfree
I'll ne'er in forts reside."

15

Fair Marui does not wash her hair,
for Malir longeth she...
Only when prince doth set her free
balance restored will be...
Whole desert will drink milk, for glee
when 'trust' is safe returned.

16

There is no force to make them pine,-
no taxes in their land,
They gather lovely flowers red
for mangers of their kine-
Malir with lustrous smiles doth shine
there priceless marus are.

17

Loved-one I never can forget;
my mind with him is filled-
Nothing you see is like Him, so
to sight he does not yield;
Because, loved-one His house has built
in negativity.

18

Omar, for me your mansions grand
a double torture are;
Here you torment me...there, so far
loved-ones accuse me too.

19

To Maru needle joined my breath,
a needle, oh so fine,
My heart is there, my earthy flesh
must here to force resign;
My breath is in the thatch divine
my body's to mansions bound.

20

The needle's Beauty, ne'er shall I
compare with kingliness;
The needle covers naked ones
but not 'itself' doth dress;
The twice-born only can possess
knowledge of its loveliness.

Chapter-IV

21

"Palatial doors and windows I
will build for thee, Marui-
But here now...lovely canopies
I shall raise over thee...
Those who did ne'er enquiries make
why so continously
You weep for them? something must be
wrong with the desert-folk."

22

"How to forget him, whom my memory
holds for ever more?"
Since: "am I not thy Lord?" was uttered,
or e'en long before;
Ere: Born He's not...gives birth to none
from the inane did soar.-
Remembering Him-Marui so sore
may die today or tomorrow.

23

Threads Maru round my wrists tied...gold
fine gold they are for me;
Omar, don't offer silks to rustic
maid, they leave me cold-
Because much dearer I do hold
my worn ancestral shawl.

24

Were I to breathe my last, looking
to my home longingly-
My body don't imprison here
in bondage and unfree-
A stranger from her love away
not bury separately;
The cool earth of the desert let
the dead one's cover be;
When last breath comes, O carry me
to Malir, I implore.

25

As oyster long for cloud, and cranes
long for their native-hills.
So deepest longing my heart strains
till nought of life remains.-
How would I sit here, if not chains
held me a prisoner?

26

The wounds that happy rustics left
today fester again-
Sumro, sorrow dwells in me
of every joy bereft;
From Maru's separation, cleft
is every bone of mine.

Chapter-V

27

My girl-friends in reproachful mood,
today sent word to me:
"Silly one, you perhaps have eaten
much of princely food,
Abd friends, and your relations good
you have forgotten all."

28

In corners of the fort, to quell
her grief Marui doth mourn
Remembering Malir, she doth weep,
makes others weep as well
O may the maid reach home and dwell
amongst her Marus soon.

29

"Would that I never had been born,
or died at birth"...she says;
"O what a torture, shame and scorn
to Marus I became."

30

Destiny brought me here...reside
I do unhappy here;
My body's here-my heart is there
where Maru doth abide;
May God now turn this sorrow's tide
and let me meet my love.-

31

The lightening are now newly dressed,
the season doth return;
Mine eyes do not stop drizzling...for
ancestral land they yearn-
I would not with such sadness burn
if they would think of me.

32

If looking to my native land
with longing I expire;
My body carry home, that I
may rest in desert-stand;
My bones if Malir reach, at end,
though dead, I'll live again.

Chapter-VI

33

A messenger arrived' this day
authentic news conveys;
"Do not forget your distant love
and do not die", he says,
You shall reach home; only few days
in this fort you may stay?

34

The one who from my homeland came,
oh at his feet I fall
And to this traveler, my heart
did open, telling all-
An instant more behind this wall
to be, how I abhor.

35

"Don't cry, don't weep and fret;
shed no tears of dismay;
Whatever days appear,
O let them pass away,-
For after sorrow, joy
O Marui, comes to stay-
Desert maid know, your chains
by destiny's own sway
Are moved, and now you may
throw them into the fire."

36

Omar, a traveler I did meet
today, with news for me.-
And as he stood and message gave
from the Beloved sweet
I felt all sufferings did retreat
and my chains all did fall.

37

My iron shackles all are gone.-
Love's chains unyielding are.
Unhappy days without Marus
in mansions, life did mar...
My countrymen, they are too far
reproach them I cannot.-

38

Good were the days that I in pain
in tortuous prison passed;
Storms roared above threateningly,
my cries for help were vain;
But lo: my love by prison chain,
was chastened, purified.

39

The days I passed in deep despair,
away from homeland mine,-
My tribesmen will reproach me, if
my face looks washed and fair-
So to their thatches I'll repair
to wash off mansion dirt!

40

“Don't weep, nor cry in agony
but when the world's asleep;
At night raise both your little hands
to God, and hopeful be
Where you wedded were, brave Marui
'that homeland' thou shalt see,”

Sohni-XXIX

Chapter-I

1

Currents have their velocity,
rivers their speed possess-
But where there's love, a different rush
its currents do express,
And those that love fathomless ness,
are steeped in depth of thought.-

2

Master the lesson thoroughly
that law doth teach Sohni-
Then contemplate and meditate
till 'truth' comes near to thee-
But "Reality's Vision" will be
reward of lovers true.

3

So many, many line the banks-
"Sahar! Sahar!" they cry-
Afraid some to risk life, and some
Renouncing would die.
But Sahar meets, who without sigh
joyfully waters seek.

4

The rivulets are not yet deep;
the depth is far ahead,
O friends, relations are secure
When one at home doth keep
But had you seen my Sahar's face
you would no longer sleep-
Nor stop me,-but take float and leap
into the running stream.

5

If you his features were to see
you could no longer rest;
Nor by your husband's side, would you
so comfortable be
But earthen-jar, long before me,
you would pick up and plunge.

6

If you had seen with your own eyes,
what I have seen and know-
For that you'd surely sacrifice
your homes and husbands too.

7

Ah! those who do their eyes and face
Adjust to Sahar sweet,
Behold! if e'en without support
They plunge in whirlpool's maze-
They are immune from river's ways
For waters drown them not.

8

In wintry night and rain Sohni
seeks flood with jar of clay-
"Oh let us go and ask Sohni
who knows of love's true way;
Whose thoughts with Sahar always stay
throughout the night and day."

9

From Sahar, Sohni drank with zeal,
life-giving draught of love-
Intoxicated with its taste
she still its charm doth feel-
By pointed arrow, sharp as steel
of cupid, she was sruck.-

10

From "Dum", who chides, she has no fright
her spouse he never was;-
See,-even muddy, gurgling stream
her beauty cannot blight!
For Sahar, she in darkest night
will plunge in eddies wild.

Chapter-II

11

O sisters, tinkling cattle bells
my every limb have stirred-
The love, by bell-music aroused
one not to strangers tells-
The friend, my main-stay, far he dwells
yet sends his solace sweet.

12

All round the herdsman's bells I hear
the tinkling sattle bells;
When sleeping, echoes of their chime
from far did reach mine ear.
How could I sleep when travelling near
this music rent my heart?

13

Stirred by the bells, how could I sleep
restfully and in peace?
When I a hundred times the day
for Sahar long and weep!
In chains of love Sahar doth keep
my being till I die.

14

On this side of the stream, the strain
of echoes reaching me-
From loving Mehar's bells, old wounds
began to bleed again;
To go to him and soothe my pain
incumbent then became!

Chapter-III

15

Young buffaloes she seeks, her woes
with them she doth confide;
"My Mehar of the Buffaloes
oh have you met him yet?"

16

She puts her arms, by grief opprest
around their necks and weeps.-
"Coarse grasses that you eat, I'll place
against my aching breast,
And with your voice I shall be blest
and ever happy be."

17

The sun is setting, and the crows
in trees at rest now are;
The call for prayers Sohni hears
and she picks up the jar,
To float across the river far,
and see where Sahar is.

18

She need not ask for slopes, she finds
a slope at any place;
An easy slope and easy ways
are for the fickle minds-
But those whom love to Sahar blinds
need neither slopes nor ease.-

19

The false ones seek for sloping banks,

and only seek for show;

But those who Sahar truly love

where they must enter, know

For those who with love's thirst do glow

whole river is one-step.

Chapter-IV

20

Blest be dark night, the moolit night

be now so far away,

So that except Mehar's, I may

not see another face.-

21

Go without 'Self', seek no support,

and forget everything,

Sohni, thy love alone thee to

the other side will bring;

"Longing",thy guide, the thundering

river shalt eas'ly cross.

22

A call sounds from the other side,
clearly: "Come!" it doth say.-
The river overflows with waves,
skies overcast and grey-
I know that with whom God doth stay
shall never, never drown.

23

A call sounds from the other side,
clearly "Come!" it doth say-
River in spate, and weak one with
an unbaked jar of clay-
I know, nought yields to water's sway
that upheld is by 'Truth'.-

24

A black full night, and from above
sky, rain in torrents sends-
On one side fear of trackless ness
On other, lion stands-
"If even life in effort ends
I shall keep tryst of love."

26

She's neither here nor there, alone
in midst of roaring stream-
On dry banks only Sahar stands
all else is flooded zone-
Oh seek the waves! mercy is shown
only to drowning ones

27

She took the jar...she plunged so deep
may God the maiden save
Her leg in mouth of dog-fish and
her neck the shark will have-
Her bangles, garments in the mud-
her hair floats on the wave-
The fishes big and small, all round
are crowding, food they crave;
And crocodiles prepare a grave-
poor Sohni will be sliced.

28

A drowning man, by feeble grasses
at the banks will hold,
Look at the wondrous chivalry
the tender straws unfold,
To hold him up, they will make hold,
or else with him will sink.

29

I knew not that the jar was faked
its colours were the same-
My heart beyond control, I thurst
myself on jar unbaked;
The thing on which my life I staked
in midstream landed me.

30

By help of which the longing eyes
did see Beloved's face;
The jar, how could I sacrifice
as dear as life to me?

31

My heart exhausted is and weak,
no strength my limbs have now;
"O Sahar, thou dost know all this,
O help me, cast thy tow-
I am so ignorant, and thou
my love so great thou art."

32

The jar, the means to reach, did break,
alas, the maiden drowned,
But only then she heard the sound
of Sahar's voice draw nigh.

33

The means on which she had relied,
did thrust her in the flood;
And only after she had died
she heard the herdsman's call.-

Chapter-V

34

“The jar is broken! let it go
obstructive screen it was mere-
My real being is singing still
soul-music still is here
And still I seek my Sahar dear,
though without 'action' now."

35

My heart, you keep on swimming,
the jar let break and go...
My eyes, I train them every day
more of control to know;
The herdsman led me, and did show
to me friend, the 'straight' path.

36

Suggest no rafts to those who love
nor ask boat-men around;
Sohni that is for Sahar bound
enquiring doth not need.

37

Hundreds were by the river drowned-
but river drowned was by this maid;
The current broke itself instead,
by knocking bluntly 'gainst the banks.

38

As long she was alive,-she ne'er
sat down, did never rest
Now she lies underground,...her quest
in silence still goes on.

39

If loved-ones met on judgment day
that would be very near,
But ah! so very far away,
tiding of 'Union' are.

40

Sahar, Sohni and sea
inseparably 'One'-
This ineffable mystery
no one can ever solve.

Chapter-VI

41

“On what count am I here? O why
bereft of loved ones face?
”You preach: “Deflect from sin”, but I
your virtue do deny-
” Moral control I do not need
nor do for music sigh.-
”Keep closed your lips, and from within
yourself you'll beautify-
”These that on 'Top' of waters flow
are bubbles that belie.-
”Feed on selflessness, for your love
Mincemeat to be, then try-
”If headlong into dirt you rush
yourself you'll purify-
” Nought does possess more wealth than dust
nothing with dust can vie,-
”Who runs by stirrup of the guide
the other side will spy.-
”Falcon, pick up your greedy self

and fly with it on high.

"Don't lose sigh of the friends, walking

in veils that mystify.

" More than Oneness in love, is like

splitting two-lettered tie

"Those who do long for wine of love

with purest them supply."

"These ravings are the vain reply

of tortured, sickly one.

On what count, am, I here oh! why?

Bereft of loved ones face."

RISALO
OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF

An Appreciation of His Art

BY

ELSA KAZI

The Philosopher (Free Will)

By: Elsa Kazi

This afternoon the three friends once again had met in the poet's garden, whose orchard had yielded a great apple harvest that had been shared by the parson and philosopher.

Here on lawn were two apple trees that still were laden with fruit. Beneath one of them the philosopher reclined on a garden-chair reading a book. By his side sat the Bella Donna, purring loudly in anticipation of her Saucer of milk.

One of the branches of the tree beneath which the philosopher rested, was bent with its burden of apples. The vicar craned his neck and remarked: "They are over-ripe and should come down" and looking at the poet, he added: "You think you could climb up and shake that branch?" The poet was ready to do so. He climbed the tree and took a seat up there between two branches, which was quite a comfortable place. He then shook the branch to which the parson pointed, but since it was very thick , it did not move readily and no apple dropped. "Slide a little forward to where the branch is thinner," advised the vicar. The poet surveyed the situation. The branch had no able support and he hesitated

to take the step. Then the parson encouraged: Come along; where there's a will, there's a way." The poet carefully slid forward. Suddenly he lost his balance and was hurled down, right upon the knees of the philosopher, who uttered a horrified yell, having been absorbed in his book without taking notice of what was going on around him. The chair crashed beneath the weight, and both men rolled on to the lawn, while the shocked cat rapidly climbed up the tree whence the poet had dropped. The vicar rushed to the assistance of his friends, muttering: "So sorry... so sorry..." The philosopher managed to sit up, nursing his knee with a grim face, not yet quite realizing whence the avalanche had come, and the poet, half raised by the parson, bellowed: "Where there's a will... there's a way indeed," which sounded like a curse.

Fortunately non of the two men were hurt seriously as the collision of soft limbs had reduced the force of the blow, and the giving way of the chair had lessened resistance. Another chair was procured. The two men got slowly used to walking again and by the time tea arrived, things looked brighter. The warm beverage soothed and consoled, and

after a cigarette, the poet was ready to ask the philosopher about his nation on Free Will. His friend did not respond all at once but watched thoughtfully the cat that had come down from the tree and was lapping her milk. The poet had to repeat his question and then the philosopher said emphatically:

"There is no such thing as free will. Choice and will are always motivated by something in which we see our own good, though such a motive sometimes may lie even beyond space and time. He that acts instinctively as animals do, and he that acts rationally in the line of greatest resistance, both are motivated by something that acts upon their choice and will. A woman as well as an animal will rush to save their children's lives at the cost of their own. This is an instinctive act arising from the impulse of life-preservation, or compassion. The will here is fettered to emotionalism. And action is motivated by that."

A perfectly rational man who wishes to follow Christ's saying : "Lose life to gain life," may lay down his life for another man to serve humanity. He acts in the line of greatest resistance since every particle within him cling to

life. He thus is besieged by everything within him not to give away the treasure of his own life for another man who neither may be his relative, not his friend, or any one he struggles with the aid of reason, his friend, that the highest moral good lies there. Was his will fettered to any selfish motive that could have urged him to act in this way?" Both, the vicar and the poet, answered in the negative. The philosopher smiled wistfully and said: Does it not strike you that by saving another man's life in this way our hero has acted according to a mere principle, namely, that human life must be saved at all cost? He has acted according to this, without examining what human life stands for and how far it is entitled to deserve such a sacrifice at all. Supposing the man whom he saved was not only useless, but immensely destructive to that very humanity. Not only that, had the man been a useful one, even then by giving his life for him, our hero has destroyed one human life, namely his own. May be, he was activated by the ambition to gain immortal life for his soul, which made him choose to compel his will to defy everything that stood in the way of this ambition. To gain "immortal life" that was the motive; and can you say

his will was free?"

For a time great silence reigned, and then the parson said: "You mean that God himself is the motive which makes us act in the line of the greatest resistance, and according to the highest moral principles, our will is not free, but is fettered?"

"So it is," said the philosopher. "It is always fettered. There is not only free will, but nothing in this phenomenal universe is "free". Everyone of our acts, instinctive or highly rational, is bound by the chain of predestination. The Lord's prayer says: "They will be done." Not a fly can move without that it is predestined, i.e. willed by God. No free actions on our part are possible."

The poet then wished to know about pre-destination; but the philosopher shook his head and said: "One thing at a time, you will hear about causation and pre-destination when we meet again.

The Philosopher (Mechanical Life)

By: Elsa Kazi

The philosopher had delivered a lecture in town. On his way home he met the vicar and both went to pay a visit to their friend the poet, who was alone in his garden, looking gloomy and worried.

“Here's trouble brewing,” said the philosopher. “Trouble indeed,” admitted the poet; offering chairs and his cigarette-case to his visitors: “My house-keeper has given notice. She wants more pay and has kicked up a row... what an ugly show it was: and yet our dear philosopher says there is beauty in everything that lives... She was indeed 'alive', but beauty was absent... She is a 'Living' devil." The philosopher laughed and said: “You will remember that I said circumstances often prevent us from seeing beauty in an object. Everything that 'really' lives is beautiful. By that I did not mean that everything that moves is possessed by the essence of true life. There are indeed souls from which the essence of life has departed. The life of such a man is nothing but a mechanical activity. A mere momentum of the original. You will find that such a man has no aesthetic

appreciation either. His whole desire is to increase his wealth and worldly power which, he believes, can replace the potentiality that he has lost." The poet's face had brightened and the parson said: "You are right. I have seen such people. They have departed from the path of righteousness. Their whole life is a mere mimicry a mere reflection of the Real."

But the philosopher did not quite agree and he said: "It may be a mimicry but it could never be 'reflection'. We must not give "reflection" such a bad name as all that, because Reflection of the Real is Art. The artist reflects the Beauty that he finds in the original first-hand creations of nature, and his reflections take the shape of what we call "Fine Art" such as poetry, painting or music. Such a reflection, if it is a product of spontaneity, is indeed a joy for ever and its loveliness is ever on the increase. But mechanical art which springs from mechanical life is akin to the momentum of a car, the power of which stops altogether, which has been switched off. It runs slower and slower until its motion stops altogether, which means that the productions of mechanical life become more and more uninteresting with

the passage of time until they reach the motionless stage of mere nonentities. Judging from the tastes of modern men and women, we almost conclude that they do belong to the mechanical type. The output of painting, music and poetry in these modern days proves sufficiently of what stuff the artists are made. Even the taste of the best of them picks out mere external polish, a complexion, a color, a form, and cares little for expression of character and the glow of true life. Colorful shallowness is wanted in a woman; a mere doll is favored; but the depth and warmth of the living soul is passed by everything that is mechanical wins the prize." The parson agreed whole heartedly with the speaker and said: "The world believes no longer in God. Faithlessness is at the bottom of all the trouble." But the poet said: "It may be that, the appearance of these mechanical crowds is caused by something else. May be, nature can no longer manufacture first class articles because her accumulator is being drained of atomic energy by our great scientists." At these words the philosopher chuckled merrily and declared: "The cause is neither faithlessness nor is nature's accumulator running out of energy. In the first place, nature

is not in need of a accumulators. Then, as I said in my last talk, the reality of the essence of life dwells beyond space and time. Nature draws upon that source which can never fail. The truth is: Nature's Intelligence is once again accomplishing a metamorphosis. She is performing an Involution and this alone is the cause of the appearance of this mechanical life on earth. Poor human beings have no hand in the matter at all. Nature alone is to blame that men in these days seem dead as mutton, and have become mere automatons. Yet, we cannot even blame nature either; because what she does, she has to do; otherwise the whole earth itself might experience an involution." The parson sat up and said, "I cannot understand your mystic speech. Do you then not believe that the wickedness of man has produced this mechanical condition?" "By no means", replied the philosopher: "On the contrary, the mechanical condition has produced wickedness." The parson as well as the poet were struck with amazement. After some time the poet said: "By what law is nature acting?" And the philosopher replied with raised voice: "By the Divine law..." The parson was shocked and said with trembling voice: "Is this not a

blasphemous statement?" "Not at all," returned the philosopher. "The conception of man is a child at present. When it has grown to maturity it will be able to grasp all these things." "Which things?" asked the poet nervously yet impatiently, and the other replied: "It will be able to grasp the Impossible. The poet was irritated and uttered a short laugh, saying: "And is it not the duty of those who possess the light to hand it on to those who dwell in gloom?" The philosopher became serious and said: "It is indeed, and I promise to do so at our next meeting."

Soon after this, he took leave and went away. His last words had somewhat soothed the poet, but the parson was inconsolable and he kept on muttering. "He is an atheist... most assuredly he is an atheist." "May be, he likes to puzzle people; but he shall not escape. Next time we meet him we will make him talk."

The Philosopher (Passion, Compassion, Sacrifice)

By: Elsa Kazi

The garden of the poet was indeed a beautiful sight. It was the month of July and the roses were at their best. Large white lilies and clusters of blue delphinium had opened, and the apple trees were laden with hundreds of small green apples, as big as walnuts. The philosopher looked at them and said to the poet:

"Two months more and the apples will be ripe presenting you with a bumper crop." The parson nodded: "That will be good," he said: "There will be more at the harvest-feast from this side and the orphanages will benefit by it." The poet smiled: "I hope so," he said: "As far as I am concerned, all my apples are at the disposal of the poor and suffering folks."

"Suffering... suffering," murmured the philosopher, his mind still occupied with the subject they had discussed at tea. He lowered himself on to the smooth green lawn in the shade of an apple-tree and his two friends followed his example. Looking around, the philosopher sighed and said: "To think that all the trees and all their leaves and blossoms have to

bear their cross of suffering. To think that no daisy and no blade of grass can come into existence without suffering, and no sunray can travel to earth without suffering." The poet looked up: "How do you mean that?" he asked: "I think it is mere joy that makes the sunrays visit the earth; they seem to dance and sing and laugh all the time." "That is your poetical conception," said the philosopher: "It is not only joy, but alternate joy and sorrow that brings them here. The sunrays suffer while they travel and without this suffering they could never be raised to experience the perfection of joy." The parson commented with slight irony on the mysterious meaning of the philosopher's words, asking for an explanation." All joy that we experience is owing to suffering" said the philosopher, and this remark was sufficient for the parson: "Indeed!" he cried: "The joy of eternal life in heaven is due to the suffering that a man had to bear on earth. This is the great lesson Christ taught us, and by taking the cross and shedding his blood with immense suffering he purged the human soul from sin and sorrow." But the philosopher said: "It is not quite so, my dear friend. Another word Compassion. We all know that

'com' means 'with' or 'together with'. So compassion means to suffer together with someone else (compassion). When we see a suffering creature, by chance we begin to suffer to. We suffer with the creature and this we call 'compassion'. When humanity realized the suffering of Christ, it was smitten with compassion often of no lesser force than the suffering of Christ himself. So that if Christ was raised through suffering to greater perfection, the soul of humanity was raised through suffering with him, to a higher ideal. To raise the soul of humanity to greater significance then, was purpose of Christ's suffering."

The parson, as well as the poet, both were pleased at the philosopher's explanation, who continued: "It was really compassion with the world, that had sunk in sin, which made Christ suffer, as he could have escaped suffering had he wanted to do so. But he did not defend himself. He chose the cross and forgot the 'Self' and its greed for every worldly advantage completely. He spurned the particular to merge in the universal in his great compassion for the sinful world. His suffering in turn awakened compassion in humanity which there by was raised and purified. Thus we see that

compassion is the originator of "sacrifice" and that through sacrifice we rise and increase the significance of the soul. No higher values can be won without suffering; no life immortal either, for this is highest value that the soul strives to attain. All joy is manifestation of having attained a higher state of perfection, and all sorrow and suffering is the means of attaining such. Thus we see that suffering is the MEANS, and joy the END. Therefore, a man who strives to grasp the End without having made use of the means to this end, is like a man who attempts to leap from the ground up to the top of a high tower without using, the steps that lead to it. He will have, naturally, a bad fall. We should therefore not complain when something goes wrong and afflicts us, but should rather bear it patiently, remembering that sufferings are the steps that lead to the pinnacle of joy... the means to a pleasing end; a climbing which often may be difficult. The Quran puts it into the following words "Verily with difficulty is Ease".

The Philosopher (Resurrection)

By: Elsa Kazi

After a long walk in the gardens the poet contemplated the glorious sunset. Close by a nightingale poured its love rhapsody, and a butterfly, as though entranced by it and drunk with perfume of the roses, winged its way through leaf and blossom that burned with the gold of sunset. “What a pity that all this beauty must pass away,” murmured the poet sorrow-fully; and to hold this loveliness he took out his note-book and jotted down a poem: “This will live when I am dead.” he said to himself. On way home his mind was troubled. He wondered what could happen after death; whether he would have a resurrection. His friend, the philosopher, who often had solved his problem had not come to see him for weeks, may be he had offended him by disagreeing with his notion on Eternity.

Arrived at home, he took the Bible from a shelf and searched for clue in the new Testament. Every where he read about the "Kingdom of Heaven". Resurrection was promised, but how it was to be accomplished was not explained. He closed

the Bible and searching for other religious books, he came across an old Koran. Opening it, his eyes fell on the following passage: "Man bandies words with us and forgets his own creation. He says: who will give life to them who created you from dust the first time."

Reading this, the poet's face somewhat brightened. He paced the room excitedly and cried out: "Oh if I could believe in this: If I could believe that God made Adam from dust.... but then... what about the theory of Evolution?"

At this moment, his friend, the philosopher, entered. He had heard the poet's last words and he said: "What is that about the theory of Evolution? You seem quite upset, talking to yourself!" Seeing him, the poet welcomed him warmly. He pulled him to a chair and placed upon his knee the open Koran, pointing at the passage he had discovered: "Is this true?" he asked. The philosopher read the verses, and then he said: "Of course it is true! Do you mean to say that a painter can paint a new picture everyday, and a poet can create a poem everyday with same or other meaning, and that God can 'create' only once? You create a poem with the same old material, i.e. you take the same thoughts and ideas

stored in your mind and push them from the entirely abstract and invisible domain into the visible concrete world in shape of a poem in black and white on tangible paper, hard and fast matter! Every thought takes the form of a word and every word that is written on the paper becomes a symbol of the thought and its meaning and by arranging these words in a certain way, the whole poem's meaning becomes either this or that.

Thus through the quantitative you arrive at the quantitative, and that all from the mere shadows of so called faded words that exist in the tomb of your mind and that we can see no longer and which resemble faded petals of a flower, or bones that have not only crumbled into dust but have vanished altogether from our sight, and yet you create from such invisibilities a visible glorious poem, and do you mean to tell me that God's creatures can do more than God himself? No my dear friend, you must look deeper into the matter, and make sure that as the meaning of faded words lie in the tomb of your mind, so the meaning of every bleached bone of a dead man is with God. Yes, the meaning of the dust and the very atoms that had constructed the

bones are with God, and as you are able to reproduce your poem and its meaning when it is lost or perished in fire. God can reproduced you when you have perished, yes, reproduced you with all your meaning in detail and as a “Whole”, or even with lots of external different meaning which generally happens, in which case at your resurrection you might have blue instead of brown eyes, and yellow instead of black hair, and moves in different environment according to which you might be labeled Mr. Green instead of Mr. Brown, and for this reason your own people if still alive, would not recognize you."

The poet had listened with great interest and now he exclaimed with delight: "You have solved the problem of resurrection at least for me, and I know not how to thank you!" But after a while his face grew sad again and he said: "Supposing my dust is carried by the wind away; some of it to the north, some to the south, and some drowned in the sea... what then?" The philosopher smiled and replied. "I repeat that as ling as the meaning of your dust and its atoms is with God you will experience a Resurrection, and only when your dust have vanished completely into,

'Invisibility' you will be raised, for then your meaning in all its details has been reassembled. Yes, then you will be reborn, and those who loved you truly will recognize you by 'Expression'. But now we are coming to the 'Law of Expression' of which I do not mean to speak today." The poet then hinted at the "Theory of Evolution" and the philosopher said: “Evolution is the process by which meaning expresses it self in forms.” He then excused himself as he had to attend a philosophical meeting saying that it was one of those meetings at which ten percent of the matter is elucidated and ninety percent left in utter gloom and muddle.

The Philosopher (Purgatory)

By: Elsa Kazi

The poet had invited the philosopher to tea. He had also written a note to the parson asking him to grace the occasion, saying, their mutual friend the philosopher would be present as well. The parson had declined the honor. He did not wish no meet the philosopher because his ideas were, what he termed, too atheistic. But when the poet came in parson to persuade him, he remembered Christ's "Love thine Enemy" and accepted the invitations.

So the three friends met most cordially. The poet undertook the tea-pouring, and while he did so, "Bella Donna." the fluffy Persian cat, advanced begging for a saucer of milk, gazing at the poet with large, round, rather beautiful green eyes.

"Look at these eyes," said the philosopher: "The cat must have been indeed a Bella Donna," that is, a 'beautiful lady', in her life," The parson smiled: "This is of course a jest my friend," he said: "We know well that no creature having reached the human stage could ever be reduced to an animal after death, much less could appear as an animal on

Judgment day. We have therefore the purgatory that purifies the soul from sin before the arrival of doomsday." The poet said nothing. He thought it was better to remain silent on this matter; but the philosopher, cutting a bit off his cake for the cat, said with emphasis: "I am sorry we differ here Jest aside, I do believe that we can be reborn as animals." With these words he looked at the poet, and then continued: "Do you remember our talk on the 'meaning' of things?"

The poet cleared his throat and answered some-what nervously: "I do remember; but I suppose our good friend looks at this problem from an entirely different angle". The parson straightened himself and remarked: "There can be only one point of view for us Christians. We believe we live only once on earth. When we die 'God given His beloved sleep' that is, we sleep in grave until we be awakened on dooms-day when we will be judged and then proceed either to Hell or to Heaven... There is, of course, a Purgatory where the soul is being purged of sin," The philosopher agreed: "That is so," he said: "Dante, having adopted the Muslim idea, speaks in his 'Divine comedy' of a purgatory, as there is no mention of it in the shape of anything, and it

should in any case be accompanied by suffering". The parson nodded: "I agree", he said: "The cross is the symbol of suffering, and every one must carry his or her cross." The philosopher smiled and went on: "If we be reduced to an animal we have entered a purgatory and the cross we have to carry there, is very heavy." The parson frowned and said: "Animals are a species by themselves, and man's soul can never enter there." Upon this the philosopher asked: "Do you believe in the significance of the soul?"... "I do" said the parson: and the poet said: "I think all people do; and as soon as this significance is lowered..." he broke off, and the philosopher finished his sentence: "Indeed, you are right," he said: "By living a a life of depravity, by fighting on the 'bone' like a dog all his life, the significance of a man's soul will degenerate to that of a dog, and will therefore only be able to express itself in form of a dog at its rebirth. Having striven for that which is imperfect, the lowered significance of his soul must express itself in an imperfect form, may be such as a man more imperfect than others, having defective hearing and seeing, being lame or disfigured, or a savage with less power of perception, or even an animal. It all

depends to what degree of imperfection, or soul had been lowered; and although an animal is said to be perfect in itself, in relation to man it is absolutely imperfect, for it has no power to convert its embryonic thoughts into speech, has no hands to clean itself or do anything for itself and others, nor can it cry for help when tortured, or explain afterwards what happened. Its condition is suffering, and suffering is the purgatory by which the value of the soul is being raised.

The parson disagreed with the philosopher's views and he said: "An animal is a non-moral being; it is not conscious of 'right and wrong' and to punish it and make it suffer for something it does not know, will be useless, as it will not learn a lesson by it." Upon this the philosopher replied: “Punishment as such does not exist. Suffering is not meant to be a punishment. It is merely an agent to raise the significance of the soul. It is force that brings the imperfect soul back to its former perfect state or even beyond it, and the pain it causes, we call punishment. The force of suffering works automatically according to its own law. It comes to all people either during their life-time, or after rebirth. We see sometimes very good people suffer greatly.

Suffering visits them to raise their souls still higher; or else... why was Christ made to suffer? He who was most saintly? It was to raise the 'perfect' even to greater perfection."

The parson shook his head protestingly and said: "I cannot bring myself to believe that this was the purpose of Christ's suffering. The Christians believe that he washed the sins of humanity away with his blood, and that this was the purpose of his suffering." "I wonder how this was done," mused the philosopher. Then he proposed a stroll in the adorable garden of their host, the poet.